



ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B., Business Manager.

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For the Sufferers of the War-stricken Lands

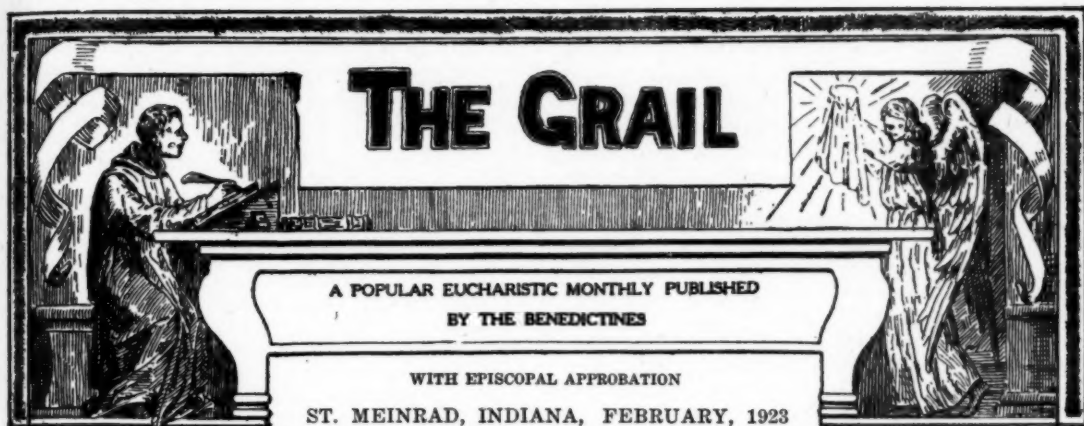
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Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Christ or Satan?

The nations are clamoring for peace; they yearn for the restoration of harmony. Infidelity and radical socialism are making giant strides in all directions. Many teachers in our public schools, professors in our colleges and universities under state control are not only imbued with these false principles, but they endeavor to impress them also upon the minds of our youth. It does not require the vision of a prophet to foresee what will be the outcome, if no efforts are made to forestall these evils. Christ is to be unseated at any cost. Satan is to be enthroned, anarchy is to supplant Christianity.

If ever at any time prayer, good example, uprightness of character, and integrity of the family were needed to counteract the evils that threaten us, now is surely the time. In whatsoever way we look we behold the moral standard trampled under foot. The youth of our day are shockingly bold and criminal. Sex hygiene in the public schools, removing the last vestige of natural modesty, suggestive and indecent "movies," divorce mills working overtime, parents obedient to their children and satisfying their every whim, are all straws that indicate which way the wind is blowing.

What influence remains to curb the passions of men? The Protestant churches have lost control of the masses—a fact that Protestant clergymen themselves unwillingly admit. There is, however, still a power in the world that can and does mold the minds and hearts of men, the one true Church that was founded on a rock and richly endowed with all spiritual blessings by Christ Himself. That Church alone is able to stem the tide of evil which, dragon-like, opens its mighty jaws to devour the human race. That Church is now fiercely assailed by the powers of darkness in a gigantic effort to accomplish her ruin. One of the means resorted to is the present attack on the parochial school, another is constant vilification which has been carried on systematically in slime sheets for many years

past, then there is the outraging and assassination of priests and the burning of churches. Yet in all these evils we have the consolation of knowing that persecution, however hard it may be to bear, is one of the signs by which we may recognize in the Catholic Church the true Church, and in ourselves true followers of Christ, if our conscience does not bear evidence to the contrary. Christ predicted that as He was persecuted, betrayed, put to death, His followers should expect the same or a similar fate. He affirms, moreover, that His Church is built on a rock and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.

Do we not see the proof of the Savior's words in the 1900 years of the existence of the Church? She has been the object of constant attack in all lands, the faithful in all ages have been put to death because of their allegiance to her, whole nations have been torn from the fold, yet today she is stronger than ever. Her influence for good embraces the whole world; she is conquering new nations and bringing them under the sweet yoke of Christ.

A Banner Year

Out of gratitude to the Savior that, through no merit of ours, we are of the small number of those who belong to the Church He established, we should be zealous in laboring for the salvation of the vast number of those who are on the broad way to perdition although the Precious Blood of Jesus was shed for their redemption.

Christ came to save all men. For this purpose He established His Church replete with graces. He invites all men to enter His Church that they may be saved, but He forces no one. To add still another proof of His great love for men and of His desire for their salvation, He suffered most cruel tortures and agony and submitted to the disgraceful death of the cross.

Do you know that out of 1,665,000,000 people in the world today only about 279,000,000 are Catholics? Therefore 1,386,000,000 are outside of the Church. Of

this great number 132,000,000 are schismatic Greeks and 179,000,000 belong to the various Protestant sects. This makes a total of 590,000,000 Christians. Then there are 12,000,000 Jews, 235,000,000 Mohammedans, and 828,000,000 heathens. What a vast field to be conquered.

We cannot all go to distant lands in quest of souls, but, whether rich or poor, we can all pray for the conversion of these misguided and ignorant people. The International Eucharistic League, which is a Eucharistic mission activity, offers an extremely simple yet effective means for accomplishing much for the missions. As explained below there are no obligations except to make a brief offering each day for the threefold intention of the League, likewise to offer up for the same intention an occasional Mass heard and Holy Communion received—at least once a week for those who take the first degree; once a month in the second degree; three times a year in the third degree.

We wonder how many of our readers would be willing to make a short offering each day of all the Masses and Holy Communions of the entire world for the following threefold intention: (1) that peace and harmony may be established among all Catholics; (2) that all non-Catholics may return to the true fold; (3) that all non-Christians, that is, all who have never been baptized, pagans, heathens, etc., may be converted to the Church. Besides, the brief daily offering, an occasional Mass heard and a Holy Communion received there are no other obligations required of those who join the International Eucharistic League for the union of Christendom.

It is to be hoped that everyone of our subscribers will join the League and that they will get their friends and acquaintances to join also. Do so at once. Let's make this a banner year for the League and win many souls to God. Remember that the League exacts no fees or dues nor takes up collections for the missions. For the carrying on of the work, however, a small alms is expected at the time of admission from such as can afford it. Explanatory leaflets and certificates of admission will be gladly sent to all who apply to the director, Rev. Benedict Brown, O. S. B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Be Still

ELIZABETH VOSS

The moment when my Eucharistic Lord
So lives in me that He and I are one;
Enraptured heart and soul exclaim to all
Of earth's eternal things, be still, be still!
My Eucharistic Jesus lives with me
These wondrous moments rapt. Exquisite thrills!
O soul! O soul! canst thou contain thy joy?
And utter not the cry, be still, be still!
My Jesus' holy love, my only love
Is hiding in my heart His priceless gifts:
O moments flee not,—but be still, be still.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

Why not use Them?

Lent, the season of mortification, is coming on. We all understand our duty in this regard. Still owing to the weakness of many, voluntary penance cannot well be undertaken. However, there is a form of penance which each one of us can make very meritorious—it is by practising patience and resignation under the daily trials, disappointments, pain, and hardships which must inevitably come on everyone to a greater or less degree as he toils on the path of life. Let this be one of your lenten resolutions, to make a virtue of necessity. Don't think you are thereby trying to cheat our Lord. He really sends you sufferings partly that you may merit reward by bearing them properly. This was the constant practice of the Saints. Submission to God's will is one of the most pleasing offerings we can bring to Him.

Was Grandma Wrong?

In a recent editorial, entitled "Once Upon a Time," the *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, states the case so succinctly and pointedly, that I cannot do better than give you its words in full:

Once upon a time it was a most unusual sight to see young boys and girls, unaccompanied by parents or other guardians, on the streets at all hours of the night.

Once upon a time, we did not read, day after day, in the newspapers about girls, in their early 'teens, leaving their homes without the knowledge of their parents, and returning after several days with the flimsy excuse that they had been at a friend's house.

Once upon a time, it was not a common thing for high school pupils to elope.

Once upon a time, juvenile delinquency was so infrequent, that it was noted with astonishment and horror.

But that was before people became infected with the new-fangled notions of child-rearing. That was before the faddists succeeded in winning acceptance of their plea to "give the child an opportunity for free 'self-expression.'" That was before parents discarded the inspired wisdom, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child," and permitted "moral suasion" to monopolize the corrective field. That was before homes became obsolete, and were displaced with stations, in which eating and sleeping and dressing are done. That was before parents lost their sense of responsibility and duty toward

their children. That was before the old-fashioned ideals of family life and of home, of loving, parental guardianship and of filial respect and obedience went out of style. That was when there was a vastly wider difference between a Christian and a pagan than there is today.

Isn't it high time to get back to the ideals and the social customs, to the home and family life, to the child-rearing discipline and the earnest religious habits of Once Upon a Time?

Each of the sentences quoted deserves to be inscribed in fair-sized letters on conspicuous boards and kept before parents' eyes as the words of the Law were kept before the eyes of Israel of old.

With the Christmas season came thoughts of childhood past and present. There came to me also the thought of recent occurrences in the realm of present-day childhood which were nothing less than appalling and unprecedented. Of "love nests" and elopements at the age of 13 and 14. Of suicide-pacts among children, pacts not merely agreed upon, but actually carried out. Of juvenile delinquency, murders, hold-ups, and drunkenness. What does this mean for the future? Our children of now will become the men and women of the next decade and thereafter.

There are many explanations for this widespread decadence of our youth, but none more true than that pointed out in the article just quoted: the leniency of parental authority and the dissolution of the home. I could bring this fact forward month after month and never tire, for it is a matter of moral and social life and death, and one that is but little thought of by parents of today. They believe that they must get into the current of modern thought and swim along with the new tendencies and principles of present-day education. They don't stop to consider that this is a matter of religion and divine law, not one of fashionable up-to-dateness. O mothers and fathers, beware. Pay less attention to your up-to-date neighbors and take to heart the words of grandma and grandpa. Their words may sound old-fashioned and their admonitions may be so often repeated as finally to grate on your ears, but hark to them, hark to them before catastrophe strike your own and bring you sorrowing to your grave.

Murder

Coupled with this woeful condition of affairs among children, we note the concern of editors about the steady increase of murders in the United States. "No other country on earth exhibits such a record," says the *New York World*.

As may be expected, of course, there seems to be no plausible explanation for this rising tide of murder. One paper puts it thus: "Yet if little is said and done, the reason is probably that no one knows what to do. Capital punishment is evidently not in itself a sufficient deterrent; prohibition has not helped; the war cannot be blamed, for the increase was constant before 1914. The growth of huge cities and the cheapening of life

by modern industry cannot be held the sole cause. Nor, though there are more murders among negroes than among whites, does the clash of races in the South explain the general condition, since twelve of the seventeen cities showing a change for the worse in 1921 are in the North."

It is remarkable that in casting about for a sufficient deterrent for crime it never occurs to any to hit on that one fundamental deterrent which alone can prove efficient, reliable, and universal—the conscience of man. What a sad picture is presented to us in this avowed perplexity, a picture of millions of men, created with an immortal soul, destined to supplant the fallen angels in heaven, possessing an inner voice to warn them of their Creator and their duties towards Him, having in the visible creation and in revealed religion a certain knowledge of their Lord and Master, yet stifling this voice of conscience and closing their eyes to the revelations of God, willing that the soul's life and higher destinies be sacrificed that the flesh may flourish to the destruction of the whole man.

With the numberless sects day by day distorting revealed religion to accommodate themselves to the whims of society, and with a great percentage of our fellow citizens boasting of membership in no religious body, it is with feelings of boundless gratitude and loyalty that we contemplate our own rich heritage of the true faith, the only storehouse and dispenser of God's treasures, the unfailing bulwark and preservation of religion, the Catholic Church.

The Interpreter

NANCY BUCKLEY

For him life lifts her veil, and lets him see
The beauty hid beneath the mystery
Of sunset glory flaming in the sky.
And every gentle breeze that passes by
Leaves soft caress upon his dreaming face,
And violets from the depths of mossy place
Raise trusting eyes. And in the nights of June
Resplendent shines for him a friendly moon.

Waiting

ANNE BOZEMAN LYON

Waiting here on earth
To see the Glory shine
Thro' the night
That holds us
From Eternity;
Night of the soul
That often corrodes
With hate,
And knows no joy
Till God chrisms it
With perfect vision
That forgives
All enmity.

The Holy Grail

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER

(Continued)

BOOK 1. TITUREL

The last faint sungleam dies along the hill
And Night red-handed with the blood of Day
Climbs up from wood and vale and lays its touch
Upon the eagle on its skyey perch,—
The gleaming eagle that with wings of gold
And beak and claws of amber crowned the cross
Of crystal bedded in the glowing heart
Of one great ruby on the topmost tower
That guards the castle of the Holy Grail.
Within the temple space the shadows lie—
A purple darkness in the pillared aisles—
Save where the mullioned windows filter scant
Some rays of glory on the deep'ning gloom.
But round the shrine, whereon the vessel stands,
A rosy radiance flings the shadows back,
As morning chases back the shades of night,
And like a mild red star there gleams the Cup,
That last had served the Lord Christ's need on earth,
Ere rained the arrows of His passion down.
Light passed the building of this holy fane
Where angels took the masterworkman's place,
And all the knights were filled with holy zeal,
And time but ripened them in manly strength,
And when the Holy Grail had come to rest
Upon the shrine, so cunningly designed,
How swelled their hearts, and with what pride
they bore,

In grand procession round the temple vast,
The sacred vessel, as each morning sun
Proclaimed the day unto a waking world.
Then all the knights their ready swords unsheathed
And, clad in armour, formed a double line
Down which Sir Titurel with hymn of praise
The Cup bore reverently, and all the guard
Joined in the chorus to the Holy One
Whose sacred touch had sanctified the Grail.
And every day brought forth a noble quest.
For in each tower a bell of silver hung,
Moved by a power unseen, and to the knight
That heard its chiming did the quest belong.
And forth he went by flood or field as chance
Might haply lead him to the needy one.
The wrong he righted and then home returned
Nor stayed to glory in his feat of arms.
For ages had the glory round the Cup
Wove "Titurel" in threads of living fire
And all the knights revered the noble man
And served him as a master sent from God.
One morn the knights assembled in the fane
As was their wont for passage of the Grail;

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But lo! when Titurel approached the Cup
The glory blazed into an arc of flame.
"Well done, thou good and faithful man," was writ,
Which fading out, the name of Frimutel
Appeared in glory round the sacred brim.
With joy Sir Titurel unto his son
Resigned his trust, and turned in peace and joy
To wait the summons to the courts above.

BOOK 2. FRIMUTEL

Sir Frimutel, firstborn of fair Richoude,
A Spanish princess, took his father's place
And served for many years a holy man.
But as a seed that lying neath a wall
Feels in its core the stir of vital strength,
Expands and forces through the close-knit stones
A tender shoot, then burgeons forth a tree,
And bursts remorselessly with delving roots
The friendly shelter of its early days,
So Pride whose seed lies hid in every heart
Wrought fellest ruin to this mighty man;
For once, when summoned by the mystic bell,
He rode out gallantly upon the quest
And vanquished single-handed giants three
Who forced a yearly tribute from the folk
Of twenty tender infants whose white bones
Lay bleaching in the moonlight by their gate.
This when the king had heard, he rode him forth
With all his court in honor of the knight
And gifts he brought him and high praise he gave
And called him prince of all the noble men
That ever battled for the right. The queen
Cast slow the sunshine of approving eyes
Upon Sir Frimutel, and all the court
Their worship paid unto the valiant deed
And minstrels sang his praise, and ladies sighed
And wished that heaven might send them such a
knight,
And jousts and tournaments were ordered straight
To celebrate the deed of high emprise.
Now when the feast, that closed the feats of arms
Was at its height, Sir Frimutel the guest,
The king besought him that he lend his aid
To crush the old hereditary strife
That raged since Agor grandsire to the king
Rose up against his brother twin and wrenched
The kingdom from his kind but weakly hand.
Then Frimutel, the guardian of the Grail,
Forgot his holy trust and pledged his word
To fight where victory were itself a crime.
He died inglorious on the fatal field
Far from the temple and the Holy Grail.
The name Sir Frimutel in darkness passed
Nor left a shadow on the holy Cup.

BOOK 3. AMFORTAS

Amfortas next was called, the eldest son
Of that Sir Frimutel whose name had passed,
But wild his blood ran as his errant sire's
And more he thought of power and beauty's praise
Than of the sacred trust and so he rode
Into the world in search of love and fame.
Old Titurel, whose tie on life was grief,
Knelt in the shadow of the holy shrine
And mourned the Guard, dishonored in his son,
When rash the rays around the vessel knit
Into fair writing, and these words appeared:
"Oh murmur not, thou good and faithful man,
A knight of thine own house will lift the dole—
One who asks wherefore are the things he sees
But bear thy cross in patience till he come."
Then tolled the great bell at the castle gate
And slowly entered bearing toilfully
Their wounded master, what remained of those

Whom wild Amfortas led away from grace.
For fame and glory had Amfortas fought
Against Great Klingschor, called "the Devil's
Child,"

And wounded with a magic spear, he fell
A helpless ruin on the fatal field;
His knights had carried him through pain and dole
And many a danger to the castle back
And laid him sadly at his grandsire's feet.—
Unhappy man, his moanings filled the court,
So burned the wound of Klingschor's magic spear,
And he who led the charge on many a field
Wept childlike shrinking from the searching pain.
From morn till night, from dewy night till morn
He mourned the agony of ceaseless woe.
The Holy Grail whose rays had healed all wounds
No more appeared unto his longing eyes
And grief pressed heavy on each knightly heart.

(To be continued)

Admirable is His Name

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

AMONG the visitors who came to admire Father Gilbert's new church was Thomas Burton, a young attorney of the city. Although of no religious persuasion, he had no bone to pick with his Catholic fellow citizens. Crossing the threshold of the sacred edifice, his eyes were at once arrested by the sanctuary lamp whose ruby flame was dancing wildly as if gesticulating to attract his attention.

"Does that light burn all the time," he asked, "even when no one is here?"

"But there is always someone here," whispered the priest.

"Visitors, possibly, who come to see the new building."

"It is not to them that I refer. There is a Divine Presence here. That light is a constant reminder that the Lord of Hosts dwells in the tabernacle there behind the little golden door that you see on the altar."

"I have heard that Catholics keep the Last Supper in their churches. Am I right?"

"That is the greatest privilege that Our Divine Savior has entrusted to our keeping. But we are not accustomed to refer to it as the Last Supper. Holy Scripture calls it by a number of other names."

"My knowledge of the Bible is somewhat limited."

"Don't give up reading the Bible, for if you neglect it, you have no guide to follow."

"I will dust it off when I go back, Father, but for the present I should like to hear some other names by which the last Supper is called."

"One, for instance, is Eucharist, then, Blessing, Breaking of Bread—"

"Oh yes, I remember having heard of Eucharist. Why is it called by that name?"

"If you took Greek in your college days, you will recall that 'Eucharist' means 'Thanksgiving.'"

"I was once exposed to Greek, Father, but it didn't take. I don't see how 'Thanksgiving' and 'Last Supper' can mean one and the same thing."

"When Christ instituted this sacrament, He gave thanks, and when we receive it, we give thanks to God. 'Blessing' and 'Breaking of Bread' are used because of the manner of institution. 'Christ took bread, *blessed* and *broke* and gave to His disciples and said: Take ye and eat. This is my body.' To see the continuation of this ceremony we need but to look back



THE LAST SUPPER

to the practice of the early Christians, who did not use the wafer at their religious services as we do, but had loaves of bread that were broken into small pieces when distributed in Holy Communion."

"How do you understand *our* Last Supper?"

"Don't stress *our* too much, for you haven't a monopoly on it. 'Last Supper,' 'Lord's Supper,' 'Celestial Banquet,' and the like, all point back to the institution. It was at His last supper on earth that Our Lord gave us this inestimable treasure. 'The same night in which He was betrayed,' says St. Paul, 'Jesus took bread,' etc. Moreover, in these names there is a special relation to Holy Communion, in which the faithful consume this sacred food of the soul."

"Do you ever call it bread?"

"We do. Our Lord Himself says: 'This is the bread which came down from heaven.' We make use of this expression not because it is really bread, but because Our Lord is there present under the appearance of bread. For this reason we speak of the 'Sacrament of Bread and Wine,' 'Bread from Heaven,' and 'Bread of Angels.' It comes from heaven, leads to heaven, and, when there is no obstacle to prevent it, makes man so spiritual and perfect that he becomes like unto the angels."

"It is furthermore called Holy Communion because it shows the principal effect of the Last Supper—union with Christ as that of the members with their head. This would also explain the expressions used more frequently by the early Christians such as 'Agape' or Love Feast, and 'Synaxis' or Assembly. This brings me to another term, common enough among Catholics, but probably unknown to you, Viaticum."

"It is new to me. When do you call it by that name?"

"Possibly, if you think back to the days when you were worrying through Cicero and Plautus, you met the word *viaticum* or *cena viatica*, a farewell supper. This will give you a clue. By Viaticum, then, we mean Holy Communion when it is given to those who are sick and in danger of death. It is the farewell supper before setting out to eternity, or provisions for that journey. If the dying man receive Holy Viaticum, Christ's own flesh and blood, before departing this life, he has hope of being received by the Savior into life eternal. As so much depends on these last moments, when the devil makes his final efforts to deprive the soul of heaven, this food is properly called Viaticum, food to strengthen the soul on this perilous journey."

"What a beautiful thought. How sublime it is."

"There are still other names which the very dignity of this sacrament has suggested, for instance, 'The Most Blessed Sacrament,' 'The Most Holy Sacrament,' 'The Holy of Holies,' 'The Sacrament of Sacraments,' 'The Mystery of Faith,' and others."

"St. Thomas Aquinas, the great doctor of the Middle Ages, assigns three reasons for calling the Holy Eucharist the 'Sacrament of Sacraments.' In the first place, it is the noblest of all the sacraments, for it contains Jesus Christ Himself the Author of all grace and holiness, whereas the other sacraments contain and communicate only certain graces which work as instruments of holiness. Secondly, the other sacraments have the Eucharist for their end. Baptism admits us into the Church in which the Holy Eucharist is received. Confirmation strengthens in us that faith and courage which lead us to the communion railing. Penance restores the robe of innocence, that is, sanctifying grace, which was lost through sin, and without which Holy Communion may not be received. Extreme Unction prepares us for our last Communion as well as for the unveiled communion with Christ in heaven. Holy Orders imparts the powers of consecration and the duty of administration. Matrimony is an emblem of the union between Christ and His Church and at the same time it is a symbol of the love that exists between Christ and the soul. And finally, those who receive any of the other sacraments generally receive Holy Communion also."

"Many of the expressions that you made use of are beyond my understanding, yet I feel that I am able to follow the drift of your argument. I should like to hear something about the 'mystery of faith.'"

"The Holy Eucharist is a compendium or abridgment of mysteries and prodigies. It presupposes faith, which it puts to a severe test. In the early ages the doctrine of the Eucharist was concealed as a mystery from all outsiders who had not been initiated into all the articles of faith. The practice of concealment was known as the 'discipline of the secret.'"

"Is there any relation between the Mass and the Last Supper?"

"There surely is, for the Last Supper was the first Mass that was ever celebrated. Christ is the great high priest who offered that Mass."

"What do Catholics mean by the Mass?"

"Briefly stated, the Mass is a religious service consisting of psalms, portions of the epistles and gospels, petitions and other prayers, in which, by the command of Christ, bread and wine are changed at the consecration into His sacred body and blood, and then consumed by

priest and people. In other words, the Mass is a memorial service instituted by Christ to commemorate His sufferings and death. But in reality the Mass is more than a mere commemoration, it is a continuation or repetition of the passion and death of Christ.

"No doubt you wonder why we call this service *mass*. The name is derived from the Latin *missa*, which is probably equivalent to *missio*, *dismissal*, for it occurs at the end of the service. According to the ancient ceremony the priest turns towards the people with the words: 'Ite, missa est—Go, the Mass is over.' After these words of dismissal, however, the Church now requires that a blessing be pronounced over the congregation, unless the officiating priest is vested in black, and then follows a selection from the Gospels, usually the first fourteen verses of the first chapter of St. John, in which are announced the divinity and the incarnation of Christ.

"Among the Greeks the Mass is called 'Liturgy,' which means a public work or service. Since the days of St. Augustine in the early part of the fifth century the 'Sacrament of the Altar' has been used too, though not exclusively of the Mass proper. The 'Table of the Lord,' formerly applied to the altar, is now employed in reference to the communion railing.

"Then there is the Sacred Host, the little wafer of wheat flour which is consecrated at the Mass. Host, from the Latin *hostia*, denotes the victim that is sacrificed. Christ in the Eucharist is such a victim. Even before consecration the wafers are often called hosts because they are intended for the Holy Sacrifice."

"An object," suggested the attorney, "that has so many significant names must be held in high esteem."

"Quite right. In this sacrament we possess an inestimable good. What the sun is to the heavens, the fountain to the bosom of the earth, the heart to the body, that the Eucharist is to the whole world. If you wish for further information on this subject, read some explanatory works. It wouldn't hurt you either to pray for the gift of faith."

"I came merely to see the church and here you have almost made a Catholic of me."

"Well, you came with an unprejudiced mind. There is hope that a ray of this Eucharistic Sun may one day attract you to this holy spot and make you a victim of its love. You would not be the first to come out of curiosity and remain to worship."

"I should indeed be happy if that privilege were mine."

In the days that followed the Blessed Sacra-

ment seemed to have a special charm for the attorney. It pursued him everywhere; it came to his mind time and again, and not infrequently surprised him by finding utterance on his tongue. What was there about it that he should so admire.

A trial was on hand. His services were required on a difficult case. Circumstantial evidence had already condemned his client. If he could only prove an alibi for the unfortunate man. There was a gap in the testimony, which would be valueless before the court. Yet even in this preplexity the thought of the Blessed Sacrament served as a soothing balm. Could the Blessed Sacrament help him find the needed evidence? If it were really God, it surely could.

As necessity teaches prayer, and the Lord of the Eucharist held out a ray of hope, Thomas Burton earnestly besought the hidden God to help him free the innocent man. Before the trial came off, sufficient proof was at hand and the case was won. The stranger's petitions to the Eucharist had been heard, the attorney believed, and Father Gilbert had a convert.

Our Lady of Lourdes

A. C. MCK.

ON the 14th of February, in the year 1858, in the Department of Hautes Pyrenees, in France, the Blessed Virgin appeared to a fourteen-year-old peasant girl. The vision was in the form of a beautiful young lady. "More beautiful and lovelier than any I have ever seen," said the child. There were others with her, but she alone saw the vision. The vision spoke to the child, but only the child heard the voice. One day she told her to drink of a fountain in the rock, and although the child beheld only dry stones, she approached the spot, and as she did so a beautiful stream of sparkling water gushed forth. The child was told to request that a chapel be built and processions made to the grotto, but it was four years before the bishop of the diocese declared the faithful justified in believing the reality of the visions. A basilica was then built by the parish priest. Eleven years later the great French pilgrimages began, and three years after this the basilica was consecrated and the statue of Our Lady solemnly crowned. In 1883 the foundation of another church was begun, as the first was no longer large enough. Built near the basilica, and consecrated in 1901, it was named the Church of the Rosary.

Never has a sanctuary attracted such throngs. When the fiftieth anniversary of the apparition of Our Blessed Lady was observed, although the record kept extended only over a



ENGLISH PILGRIMAGE AT LOURDES—WIDE WORLD

period of thirty-five years, over five thousand pilgrimages had been registered, and these had brought nearly five million pilgrims to the shrine. Individual visitors are more numerous by far than those who come in groups, and many are attracted by religious feeling or come merely to see this far-famed spot. It has been estimated that over a million travelers come here every year, and they come from every nation in the world.

More remarkable than the great throngs are the wonderful cures which take place. Not to mention the cases of spiritual relief, which more often than not escape human observance, it has been estimated that more than four thousand cures have been obtained in the past fifty years.

Near the shrine is a bureau where records are kept, and certificates of cures and diseases carefully checked. This is free to all physicians of all nationalities and religious beliefs. Two to three hundred physicians visit this wonderful clinic every year.

The theory that the waters contained chemicals of a curative nature was advanced, but a careful analysis by a competent chemist officially appointed, and his statement has since been corroborated, shows conclusively that the water contains no curative properties of a natural character.

The theory of mental suggestions has been dismissed, as the cures are accomplished in a different manner and the force at work is much more powerful and direct than those operating under mental suggestion. As a matter of fact, no natural causes will account for the marvelous cures witnessed at the foot of the rock where the Virgin Immaculate deigned to appear. They can only come from the intervention of God.

Pope Leo XIII authorized a special office and Mass in commemoration of the appearance of the Blessed Virgin at this hallowed spot, and in 1907 Pope Pius X extended the observance of the feast to the entire Church, to be observed on February 11.

Although we may have neither a pilgrimage to make or a miracle to ask for, we are perhaps in need of many graces and have many faults to correct. No one is so ready to assist and help us as Our Blessed Mother, for it is our sanctity she desires above all else. We can honor her not only by devoutly saying the Rosary and the prayers prescribed by the Church, but also by trying to reproduce in our conduct the virtues of which she has left so many examples. "Mary was the most submissive, the most humble, the most modest of all creatures. She never glorified herself in any manner, never sought admiration of any one. Prayer, work, silence, and the love of God was her sole occupation." What an example for all in this our day and age.

Queen of Martyrs

KATE AYERS ROBERT

Mother of Sorrows! Hear your children
In sympathy for you exclaim,
Offering to you such sad comfort,
As they call your holy name.

Oh, what anguish, and what heartache
Did you suffer, Mother Fair!
Even from the Angels' visit
Passed you not a single care.

But of all your sorrows blended,
None then seemed so deep or wide
As those three days seeking, wandering,
Jesus absent from your side.

Oh, the horror of that scourging!
While His blood bathes deep the sod—
Who that's human could endure it?
No one save that Mother's God.

At the cross so bravely standing,
Till within your arms He lay —
What heart save yours has known such anguish?
Oh, what a price for God to pay!

Now, sweet Mother, as you hold Him
Pressed against your heart once more,
Bleeding — cold in death — but yours
As in Bethlehem, years before.

Let us offer you our heart-throbs
In your grief. Now all is done.
Hear us Mother! Love us ever,
For the sake of your dear Son!

The Banished Portrait

CLARE HAMPTON

JAN. 12—It is dreary and bleak today, and a blizzard is in progress. It is the anniversary of Mother's death, and just eight days since Daddy was buried. I was just preparing to go down town to hunt up a position of some kind, when someone knocked on my door and handed me a telegram, stating:

Pack up at once; sending Mammy Chloe to fetch you. Letter follows; arrive 9:51 L & N Tuesday. Meet her.
AUNT PRISCILLA.

Aunt Priscilla of all beings! I heard Daddy mention her once or twice, but otherwise I know nothing of her.

4:30 P. M.—Received Aunt's letter. It seems Daddy wrote her sometime ago when he first fell ill, asking that she look after me after his death. She is alone in her great house, except for the servants, and wishes me to share it with her. Daddy often told me that if he had received his share of Grandfather's estate, he would never have had to work; but because he married my mother, a poor northern girl, Grandfather disowned him and cut him off with a dollar. I must hurry with my packing. I wonder if I will like my new home? At any rate it will be better than living here alone and forsaken, with my own living to fight for among thousands of others.

JAN. 15—Well, I am in my new home. Met old Mammy at the depot, and after a hurried lunch, and some necessary shopping, we boarded the return train together. At the end of our journey, a limousine awaited us, and carried us through endless cotton fields to a romantic colonial-style mansion, all dazzling white amid its setting of green. What a transition from storm-beaten, snow-covered fields, within a few hours! As the car stopped before the door, a tall, dignified, gray-haired lady descended the great flight of marble steps, and approached me with a smile as I descended from the vehicle. Behind her two or three officious darkies hastened down, and sought after my luggage, which was pitifully small—one suit case, which easily contained all I possessed. From their surprised, yet respectful demeanor, they had no doubt expected a great deal more.

My aunt greeted me kindly, saying that, as she was all alone, I must prepare to love her tremendously. She has odd little abrupt ways about her, which I soon learned.

"Come up to my room, dear," she said. "You do look pale and ill, and black doesn't become you one bit. You will need a long rest, and

lots of country air to bring the roses back to your cheeks."

She led the way through stately polished and pier-glassed hall-ways, past rooms that to me seemed like glimpses of fairyland, and held my arm up the perilously slippery grand staircase; then through an upper hall, at the end of which was a suite of rooms. Reaching her boudoir, a paradise of palest pink and old ivory, she bade me sit down, while she took off my hat, and rang for the butler.

"You must be hungry, dear, after the long run from F—. I'll have Jackson bring you something up here."

While she spoke, my aunt was quietly appraising me—my dress, shoes, etc., which must have seemed very simple and poverty-stricken to her, though she said nothing. Soon, with a tray of tempting viands before me, I quickly found my appetite, though before I had not felt hungry, and the fragrant tea sent a comfortable glow to my cheeks.

"There, now, you look better already," soothed Aunt. Then her next words stung uncomfortably. "Poor child! My brother should have fed you better."

My cheeks flushed, and words of defense leaped to my lips. "Daddy and I were very happy together, though we were not very rich, and he always gave me the best he could afford," I replied. She suddenly looked at me with an odd twisted smile.

"That's right," she praised. "I see you have the Worthington spirit. You have a right to be proud of your father, for he comes of a great old family, though he married beneath him." Another lash! The tears began to sting now. I knew very little about my mother, but I did remember her as a sweet, gentle young woman, on whose lips the holy name of God often rested, and, though a Protestant, she was deeply religious. Aunt saw at once that she had hurt me, and suddenly gathered me in her arms and kissed me.

"You mustn't mind me; I sometimes say things."

Then she showed me to my room—all pale green, with white woodwork and dainty cane furniture.

"Consider this as your own little kingdom," she told me, fondness already shining in her eyes. I saw she was prepared to love me, and gratitude welled up in my heart. Impulsively I threw my arms about her neck.

"I'll try very hard to be worthy of your kindness," I said. "I thank you very much for giving me such a beautiful room all for myself." Whereupon she fairly beamed, and with a fond little squeeze, left me.

8:00 P. M.—About five o'clock Aunt came up again, asking if I felt rested. Over her arm was a white dress.

"My dear," she said, "I think you would look better in white. It is the newest mourning color, you know, and isn't as depressing as black. Let us try this little frock."

A little reluctantly I submitted, unwilling to lay aside deep mourning for one I loved so well, but Aunt's will prevailed, and the dress fits perfectly. I have it on now. As a compromise to my half-expressed objections, she belted it with a sash of wide, black velvet, and then had her maid dress my hair into the prevailing style. Truly clothes do alter one, as I saw when I surveyed myself in the mirror.

"There, now, you do not look quite so pale and sallow," was her comment.

JAN. 23—We have been very busy all these days, replenishing my meager wardrobe, and planning out a course of study, for I am to have a tutor. The clothes selected for me are all white, with just here and there a dash of black—either sash or trimming.

My tutor is the Rev. Mr. Darley, the minister from the neighboring hamlet, a very learned man, to whose church Aunt belongs. Together he and Aunt have outlined the curriculum for each day; he is to come always at a certain hour. There are schools in the county which I could have reached easily by motor each day, but these do not seem to be exclusive enough for Aunt's taste. Being the last bearer of the name, Worthington, I must be educated in fitting style. Nothing that can be done is left undone, and I begin to feel myself burdened with a great debt. I always feel obligations keenly, and would rather give than receive. I intimated as much to Aunt, but her reply was,

"Just live up to your proud name, dear, and that will be compensation enough for me."

JAN. 30—I joined the Presbyterian Church today—Mr. Darley's of course. Aunt is much pleased. Mother was a Methodist, and I was baptized in that faith, but Daddy never insisted on my following it up. All the servants here are Baptists, all except one old, gray-haired Uncle. He never joins in their devotions, nor goes to their rallies or camp meetings, but sits around in quiet, shady corners with a chain of shiny brown heads in his hand, the while his lips are constantly moving. He is very old and feeble, and unable to work any longer, but having been

in Aunt's family since his pickaninny days, she is letting him spend his last remaining years in ease and peace.

FEB. 13—Today is my birthday, and Aunt gave me an exquisite little wrist watch for a present. I am deep in my studies, and enjoy them greatly. Mr. Darley is a very kind, sympathetic teacher, and we get along very well together.

This afternoon, lessons over, I amused myself by looking over the shelves in the library. What a treasure house of books! I mean to read them all—if I live long enough. Three sides of the room are lined with well-laden bookshelves, from floor to ceiling. I found a red-bound "Imitation," which interested me very much, not only by its edifying lessons but by the inscription on the flyleaf as well. It read:

"Mary Jane Worthington,
Fernleaf Manor."

and was written in a delicate, old-fashioned hand. Beneath this was a dividing line, and then:

"Mary Jane Tellingham,
June 12, 18—."

The lower inscription was in a more modern hand, and I pondered awhile upon the meaning of the quotation. I was about to put the book back, when one or two fragmentary leaves fell out—as if torn from a diary. I read:

"Thou hast not chosen Me,
But I have chosen thee."

"Saw Fannie this morning; she is all prepared, and will leave Saturday. Her mother is to accompany her. Ah, happy one, to meet with no opposition, and to have her way all smooth and paved with love! Would that I—"

It was written in faded ink, and much of it was illegible. Another part read:

"Mother is incensed because I refused J. last night, and will not speak or look at me today. It is very painful to me, but what will she say when I tell her my intention? I must wait for a propitious time—"

I was impressed with the sorrow of the writer, and wondered what sort of trouble she referred to. There were more books in the same corner of the shelf, all with the same name on the flyleaf. I know that Mary Jane Worthington is Daddy's and Aunt's sister—a saintly old maid, whose portrait hangs here in the library. She has been dead many years. But who is Mary Jane Tellingham? Had Aunt a daughter too? If so, no one ever mentions her. It seems to me that in Aunt's eyes a shadow lurks, as of

some hidden, but unforgettable sorrow. I am tempted to ask her about the second name, but perhaps I'd better not. I might probe into some old wound.

MAY 8—Something happened today which put me under Aunt's displeasure. She went to town this morning, and, as usual, wished me to accompany her; but, being indisposed with a bad headache, I preferred to remain at home. I lay on the couch in the library, endeavoring, by lying still, to aid the action of the aspirin I had taken. Along about noon, the doorbell rang, and Liza came to tell me that two nuns were at the door, begging. Did I wish to give them anything, or shall she send them away? I leaped up with alacrity; the sight of a nun always had an irresistible fascination for me, but I had never had the opportunity of speaking to one.

"Won't you come in?" I invited, as the two stood meekly at one side, beneath the great portico. They bowed, with that gentle grace nuns have, and came. Outside on the drive, I observed a black wagon, inscribed in small white letters with the name of some hospital.

"Have you been out long?" I asked, for they looked dusty and weary, and the day was hot.

"All morning," answered one of them. "We are trying to get together a little produce—anything in the line of vegetables that you could spare—"

"I think we can let you have some," I replied.

"Could we trouble you for a drink of water?" asked the other.

"Why certainly; have you had your lunch yet?"

"Not yet," answered the first with a gentle smile. It was miles back to town, and I surmised it would be hours before they would get any hot food. So I rang the bell. Jackson appeared.

"Bring up some of that fried chicken, and fix up a nice lunch for these sisters at once," I commanded. Jackson bowed and left, though he had a queer look upon his face. At the door he paused to ask,

"In de dinin' room, Miss, or—"

"In the dining room," I replied with dignity. At heart, I never dreamed that Aunt, with her usual hospitality and generosity, would object. Why, she used to send baskets of greens to poor families in the neighborhood, and anyone requesting donations for charity never went away empty handed. Soon Jackson spread a tempting feast, and I waited on the gentle guests myself. Afterwards, I went out and saw that he filled up their two large market baskets. The sisters could not thank me enough. One of them took my hand, patted it gently,

and looked earnestly into my face. She had the eyes of a saint.

"My child," she said, "the Lord will never let your generosity go unrewarded. May He bless you and keep you."

I felt as if a benediction had indeed descended upon my head. But scarcely had the nuns climbed into their wagon, but I heard the chug of a motor around a bend of the road, and Aunt's limousine appeared. I saw her look inquiringly and not too amiably at the hospital wagon and its occupants as it passed her, and when she alighted at the house, she was none too pleased.

"What did they want?" she asked, inclining her head toward the departed wagon.

"Why, they asked for a little garden truck, and I gave them some. We have more than we can use anyway, haven't we?" I replied, kissing her.

"Well, that is neither here nor there; next time I wish you would not act without my advice," was her rather curt rejoinder. I felt the hot blood mount my face; she had never spoken to me in that tone before. My head began to throb more than ever, and seeking relief, I went to the honeysuckle arbor, where a breeze fanned the shrubbery. Afterwards, on going to my room, I heard my name called. "Annis!"

I entered Aunt's boudoir, and found her seated at her desk, cold and stern. "Annis," she repeated, "Jackson tells me you ordered luncheon for those—those sisters. By what authority, may I ask—"

"Why Aunt, I never dreamed that you would object, and they did look so hot and weary, poor souls!"

"Poor souls indeed! Why need they beg? Do not they get enough money from their patients to run their hospital?"

"I don't know, Aunt; but I thought St. Elizabeth's is a charity institution."

"Of course, you couldn't be expected to know that, and they no doubt played upon your pity, but you shouldn't have taken them to the dining room. They could have dined in the servant's hall as well."

"But Aunt, some of them are refined women from our best families—"

"Enough! Let it be the last time! You may go," she snapped, and I, unused to such words from her, went out in tears.

JUNE 20—Our little rift is healed up, and Aunt and I are as friendly as ever. Lessons have ceased, as it is too hot, and Aunt is planning to go to the mountains for a fortnight. She says that she cannot spare more than that, as she will be needed here to receive her foremen's reports on the plantation, and to trans-

act other important business. For my part, I would just as soon remain here, since it is a very paradise of a place, but of course, the prospect of a trip is lovely too. We start in a day or two, and until then, I shall be very busy.

JULY 11—Well, we have returned. Our sojourn up among the peaks has been refreshing; the silences were wonderful—so much so that I hated to return to the noisy workaday world. I used to wander alone among the solitary paths a great deal and commune with Nature—and with God. He seemed so very near. It is raining today, and since I cannot go out, think I will go on a voyage of exploration—to the attic. It teems with old and forgotten trunks, bureaus and chests of drawers that might conceal interesting things.

3 P. M.—Spent the morning and part of this afternoon exhuming old-fashioned dresses, antedated schoolbooks, broken tops, and lavender-scented relics of dead and gone romance. And I have come upon another mystery! Behind an old secretary, I perceived a richly chased oval gold frame slightly protruding, so pulled it out. It was dust-covered and grimy and must have been there a long time. It was an oil portrait of a young, and delicately beautiful girl, clad in white, a single string of pearls about her white throat. In the hair, the artist had caught glints of fugitive gold, and the gentle, brooding eyes were deep gray—almost violet. How strange, thought I, to put such a beautiful picture up in this dark, cobwebbed corner! Besides, the frame was an exact replica of one that hung over the fireplace in the dining room, surrounding the portrait of a young man, in whose lineaments I easily traced a likeness to this girl. Who is she, and why was she banished to the attic?

(To be continued)

Devotion to The Eucharist

The N.C.W.C. News Service, quoting from the "Journal du Canton de Ciney," Belgium, records the following touching incident which occurred recently in the neighborhood where the Belgian paper is published:

An old woman who resided several miles from the church, and who was nearing death, sent for the priest to bring her the last sacraments.

As the priest, bearing the Viaticum, and accompanied by the altar boy with his bell, started on his road, which passed through a stretch of woods, he prayed fervently that God might give strength and comfort to the old woman who was waiting for him.

Suddenly, at a sharp turn of the road, an automobile driven at high speed emerged from the fog. It passed the priest. Then, with a grinding of brakes, it stopped, and two men, evidently belonging to the fashionable world, got out, and kneeling in the mud with bared heads, began to pray with edifying fervor.

The good priest, his heart filled with emotion at this touching sight, passed by the kneeling twain, one of whom arose, and approaching him with the greatest respect, said:

"Monsieur le Curé, I beg you to do us the great honor to enter our car with our Blessed Lord, and we will carry you to the top of the hill."

The priest politely declined the offer. It was renewed with greater urgency. When the priest again refused, the stranger said:

"Well then, Monsieur le Curé, we will follow you slowly, for in no case would we be willing to pass ahead of Our Lord."

The priest was so touched by this respect for the Blessed Sacrament that he decided to enter the limousine and hasten his arrival at the bedside of the dying woman, who, if he still persisted in refusing the kind offer of the two pious Catholics, might die without the consolation of the sacrament.

Then was seen this unusual and touching sight: A priest in surplice, standing in the middle of the automobile, holding over his heart the Sacred Species. By his side stood the little altar boy, ringing his hand bell, and the two men, kneeling between the seats, with folded hands, praying aloud and adoring the Blessed Sacrament which they had the unexpected honor to bear.

The chauffeur, with bared head, set his engine in low gear, and the car silently climbed the hill.

After a few minutes, the crossroads was reached. The car stopped. Before descending, the Curé desired to learn the names of the two strangers. One of them introduced himself as the Count de M—, Grand Marshal of the Court of Belgium, and his companion was introduced as the Duke d'A—, Aide de Camp of His Majesty, two of the oldest and most famous names of the old Belgian nobility.

The Downdrop

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

I found
Amid the leaves
Of a tiny flower
A fragile gem
Sent down from heaven
To make me think of God.

The Nuns of St. Mary's

S. M. R., O. S. B.

Part I. Monasticism at Home (Continued)

ALEXANDROVINA'S SUMS

ALEXANDROVINA sat before a huge jotter—trouble on her face, a pencil in her chubby fingers — looking hard at the blackboard. A voice: "she doesn't even know she has to put down the sum before she does it." Nelly was complacent, she knew many things, oh so many things of which the newcomer was ignorant. It might have been the hooter going off to "Cease work"; all eyes were fixed, alternately, on Alexandrovina and the blackboard, the blackboard and Alexandrovina.

Add

918	496
547	843
638	125

Substract

627	584
248	462

Sr. Lioba went across the room. "You put down the first sum: 9, 1, 8.

"That's it. 5, 4, 7; 638; now add up. 8 and 7 make 15, and 8...."

"And eight," said Alexandrovina slowly. She looked up, a far-away look in the pure deep eyes, but made no answer. The mistress of this department had learned long ago that children of this age *will* not be hurried: "And eight," repeated the childish voice, coming back from her world of vision, "*are* twenty-one. No?" Then, counting up on her fingers, "tween-ty th-ree."

"Now, finish, and do the next sum like that." Sr. Lioba went back to the bureau where her book was open; she really had accomplished something, she had added to the sum of human knowledge, someone knew now how to add. The "Life of Monsignor Benson" was becoming very interesting, he was working hard at Kemsing and—a voice from the back desks:

"In the next sum the first line comes to 19."

"Nine-teen? how do you make that out?"

"Well, 4 and 9, and 6, comes to 19."

"Good gracious, she is adding up *across*," was the soliloquy of the mistress and once more she went over to the culprit. "You add up that way," laying her pencil flat on the paper by the first column of figures, "not *across*." She went back to her book; Benson was telling everything to his mother in his rather boyish letters and showing unconsciously whither he was tending.

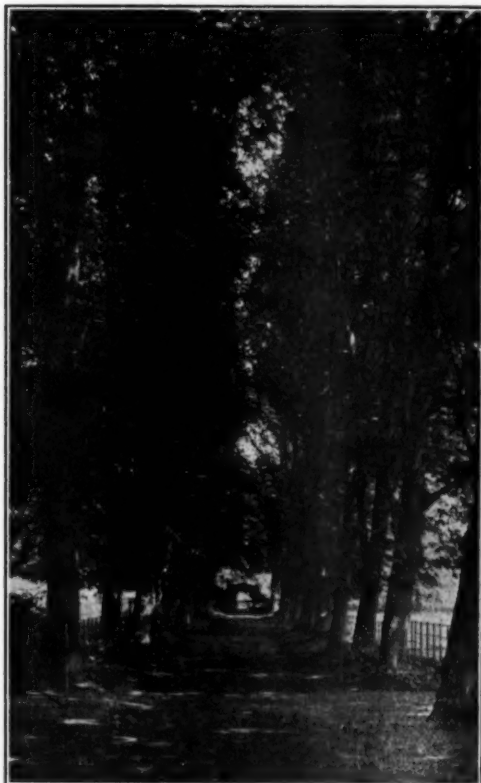
"The next sum is to sub-ter-act—," came the voice.

"You can leave the subtraction sums—for today—Alexandrovina." Sr. Lioba had had quite enough of subter-action in the addition; what was more, she was not the arithmetic teacher.

"Six o'clock now, time to put away books." This was always welcome on Saturday afternoon. The books were thrown into the desks as if they were india-rubber balls and each one went with a parting: "Now, you're done, and you—" The newcomer seemed to have a sense of having finished the week satisfactorily; she had only been two days at school altogether, but what is that to nine years of age who has never learned to "subter-act."

SAINT JOHN GUALBERT

"We can eat our apples and pears out of



AVENUE OF LIMES

doors now, in the walk, instead of in the refectory at dinner and it is much nicer," Sr. Lioba was informed as the cores were thrown away into the bushes. "The other day we had some damsons," they went on, "and gave them to the Infant Jesus, but Sister Aquinas came and took them away; we were sorry 'cause we wanted to see if He would come and eat them."

"Why did Sr. Aquinas take them away?"

"'Cause she said they would stain the statue, the stone statue in the Little Garden, you know, where we play."

"And now you don't know if He would have eaten them, is that it?"

"Yes, we thought He would come in the night and eat them. Don't you think He would have?"

"Hardly," Sr. Lioba thought.

"But don't you think," went on Drina, "that if He liked them He would give them His blessing and He would have eaten them."

"Well—He *could*."

"But don't you think He would?"

They were all waiting for the answer to Drina's question. Thus hard pressed Sr. Lioba had to give an opinion, though she did not like to. The childish faith was so simple and so fresh, it seemed like shaking the rose when the morning dewdrop was on the petals to pronounce against it.

"You see, that's only a stone statue and stone statues do not eat things."

"But don't you think the Infant Jesus could make the statue *real* if He liked them?"

"Such things have happened," she admitted, "but very seldom; statues have become 'real' and spoken to people or cured them. There was a big crucifix once in Italy in a church and people loved to kneel before it and pray. It was very sad, you could see the wounds were great gashes and blood flowing from them."

"Was it really, really, our Lord suffering, and His blood flowing?" she was asked: evidently their subconsciousness was still working round their statue being "real."

"Oh no, just a crucifix, that had always been there in that church. There was a man, his name was John Gualbert, and his brother was murdered by an enemy; John was very, very angry and declared he would kill the murderer. Soon the two met in a very narrow passage where neither could turn aside and John was drawing out his sword to kill him when the man made the sign of the cross—just like you would make it quickly if you found yourself in danger—and out of reverence for that sign John Gualbert felt he must not kill him. He was though feeling very, very angry still and went into this church and knelt down before the old crucifix, and the head of the crucifix bowed down to thank him. Then John Gualbert

became very holy and founded an order of monks."

The four little figures were a perfect picture as they tripped along in silence under the autumn trees of red and yellow until they came to a turn in the plantation and called out: "Here's a hill, let's run down it. Yes, let's. One, two, three and away—"

SCHOOL RECREATIONS

What fungi! The art tints, the grouping! "Do look at those greens, those reds; the red are the most common this year." But such colours, lavender, yellow, pink.

"Would you like to paint some this afternoon, the half holiday?"

"Ra—*ther*," came in a chorus.

"I take this purple one to paint," cried Bal; she threw herself on her knees beside the tuft growing among the mosses. Each colour seemed to be a little family in itself: "father, mother, and all the little babies," as the children said. The scout bags are invaluable on these occasions, one or two of the fungi were picked for models, and put in.

"Will you help me to paint mine?" Celia asked the mistress.

"Yes, if you like."

"You need not help *me*," said Bal candidly, "I can do it myself." She wished to show herself in all things superior to Celia.

We halted opposite an old tree, it grew on the other side of the stream. All things were made for the purpose of childhood—it would seem: "The very thing, let's make this our little house." The tree grew high up on the bank and its great roots parted to work their way down to the waters and this made quite a big hollow low down in its trunk. "This will be our kitchen and this the upstairs"; the rapidity with which their imaginations worked reminded the mistress of her own young days.

"Nelly you go into the kitchen and cook the dinner," ordered Drina. Nelly immediately wound her pinafore into a wisp round her waist, turned up her sleeves to the elbows and assumed the rôle. "And I shall be sitting in the drawing room," continues the other.

Bal was leaning against the tree, meditating; the mistress wondered what she could be thinking of to keep her quiet for so long. Then came Bal's say, in slow deliberate accents: "Could not Celia be qu-een of all this place? Then she need not come into our little house."

It was the oldest diplomacy in the world: give the persons you can't endure a great and responsible post which will take them out of your road. The others did not warm to the scheme and it fell flat, only it reminded the mis-

tress of what had been so often done during the war when someone was decidedly in the way.

"Time to come now, children." They jumped the stream and ran on, all except Celia, who, seeing she had it all to herself, related her experiences.

"The other day, would you believe, I saw a fungi (Latin plurals don't count for anything) and on the top it was green," she looked around, "green like that," pulling at the branches of a yew, "and underneath it was blue, such a blue like the colour of the sky on a lonely day." The mistress thought she had not heard aright. "You know what the sky looks like on a lonely day," repeated Celia. The beauty of the pure little mind was so evident that it seemed almost profane to question it further. Perhaps Turner himself would have envied the soul that looked through Celia's eyes at the colour of the sky on a lonely day.

GOLDEN JUBILEES

"Happy the people who know jubilation." Psalm.

In monastic regularity a big break is needed from time to time. Long spells of prayer especially in the early morning when the really "interior man" is unfilled; ember days; fasts of the Rule; much industry making up the "dies pleni—full days" of the psalmist, cannot go on for ever without a change. "The bow always bent will break," was the answer given by St. John the Evangelist to a philosopher who showed some surprise on seeing him amuse himself with a pet bird.

But we are conservative people in these monasteries and the reason for the outlet generally comes up in the monastic life itself. If a postulant is to be clothed in the religious habit, a novice to make her solemn profession, or a senior makes her golden jubilee, friends are invited, bells are set ringing, organs playing, and even a figure in episcopal robes may appear within the sanctuary.

It was mid-September and the jubilee of Sister Scholastica had come to the Priory. It was hard to realise that that well-built figure, strong features, fresh complexion and full eyes were those of a woman over seventy. Every religious who makes her golden jubilee must be in the seventies, but some people "wear well," and Sr. Angela pronounced the jubilarian to be one of those. The little "angel" had to be summoned although away on holidays; but what mother would grudge a long motor drive and a day from home when her little Celia was chosen as the daintiest to carry wreath and staff behind the mother jubilarian.

Summer was in its full glory: not a touch of the red or yellow of autumn had flecked the

trees of the great wood at the end of the park, or the avenue of limes grimly guarding the walk which leads from the school quarters to the garden—a way which needs some guarding when the apples are ripe. When spring-time is full, summer sends on some messages of its approach, and when summer is at its height, the hand of autumn is evident giving a touch here and there. This 16th of September there was not a hint of decay anywhere, the great bounty of summer was everywhere and like a king he settled down to enjoy his own good gifts as long as might be. The jubilarian had asked that the occasion be made as gay as possible for the sisters and for everyone.

First of all, there was a low Mass early and Holy Communion, for that were best enjoyed in the quiet, even on this great day. Then all went to breakfast in the community room: talking in the refectory was never allowed. "I went in this morning to her to see if she wanted anything," said one deputed to help for the occasion, "and there was Mother Scholastica coiffed and ready, although it was pitch dark and she had not lighted her candle." They looked at the head of the table, but the jubilarian had no look of darkness about her, fresh from the feast of the Divine Dawn, "Dies diem illuminans," as the hymn of lauds somewhere says.

"I hope the Abbot has brought his cowl this time, he forgot it when he came to preach for the last jubilee," said Sister Emmanuel. They chatted on topical subjects and soon discovered they had not much time to spare for each had to wash and put away the utensils used at breakfast and help "to clear away"—no lady's maids in the cloister.

High Mass was at 8:30, it was a ferial day, but the proper of that Mass might have been written expressly for the occasion: introit, offertory, communion—the breath of the Divine Spirit was there. After the offertory in the 'graduale' had been sung by the choir the organist struck up a few vibrant chords, they seemed to come from a distance: the tuning up of the orchestra for what was to follow. "Quid retribuam Domino: What shall I render to the Lord?"—it was full-voiced and heartfelt—"For all He has given to me: pro omnibus quae retribuit mihi?" Yes, what indeed? Sr. Scholastica was in her stall, head bowed low. The theme went on and the Lord seemed to ask for the cup of sacrifice, "Calicem salutaris accipiam"; accipiam thrice repeated, the organ played on and the singing became louder, and then came softly the familiar "Quid retribuam Domino?" *Quid retribuam?* the organ repeated "pro omnibus," answered the choir of singers

until all sound nearly died out in the "Quid retribuam, re-tri-bu-am DO-MI-NO," the day of general judgment might have hung on that so insistent was its harmony.

The priest at the altar turned and said in a low voice, "Orate fratres." The Gothic church must have been filled with angels even up to the vaulted roof then. "Pray brethren that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God." On these occasions a sudden inrush of feeling comes to some, now or at the Credo, that we are enjoying what our forefathers paid such a bitter price for: the Mass in England.

The Mass over, the jubilarian advanced to her priedieu (kneeling bench) before the sanctuary gates. Fifty years had passed since she plighted her troth at that altar and received a crown of thorns, today she receives a crown of roses. It had been "a long long trail" since then, but Oh what a blessed one—she had been faithful, but what was that to His fidelity?

"But what to those who find, ah this
No pen or tongue or pen can show,
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know."

THE ABBOT'S LESSON

The Abbot of Buckfastleigh came out from his chosen corner for prayer, behind a great stone pillar, and stood facing the choir. Looking around on his varied audience: religious, servants, men who had served at the front, Sisters of Mercy from the village near by, mothers and their daughters, some from London, others lately come from Toronto, he began: "That I may know Christ, the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of his suffering being made conformable to his death," (Phil. 3:10.) Every breath was held; no one looked for eloquence from the Abbot, his was more than eloquence: He had a mighty lesson to teach, and his power lay in this, that his deepest theology presented no difficulty to the simplest minds. Yet it was a strain listening: his English was perfect—vocabulary, phrasing, style—but the accentuation was foreign and occasionally initial consonants got mixed. Yet one could hear a pin drop, so tense was the attention, until at intervals he would suddenly fling out the doctrine as his very own in a few simple, direct words, and break into a laugh and everyone had to laugh with him, much as a little child will give way to delight when he has made a discovery all of his own. The weeks have gone by since then, but the drift of the discourse was this: "The cross is what Christ proposed to His followers and suffering rightly understood and realized will bring the soul to an understanding of Him. The knowledge of Christ is not intellectual

knowledge, it is *experimental* knowledge. Men who have stood together in the Great War, faced the same dangers, lived under the same conditions, have come to know each other as they never otherwise could have done.

"One might think the opposite was the way to proceed: first know Christ and then suffer for Him; not so St. Paul: by carrying your cross as He carried His you will come to fellowship with Him." A few words personally addressed to the jubilarian sketched vividly the religious life, its trials and compensations. Perhaps it is the genius of great preachers to impress their personalities on their hearers and on this occasion everyone felt that the Abbot was above all and before all—a true monk.

"The Lord shall be my heritage in the land of those who live: Portio mea Dominus sit in terra viventium," sang out Mother Scholastica—the Church was looking ahead to the future even if nature in her seasons was not. The choir called on all the land to jubilate: "Jubilate Deo omnis terra." A marked pause to impress the Christian vocation, "Servite Domino in laetitia." A white-haired Canon, feeble and delicate, who had come all the way from the north of Scotland, placed the crown of roses on her head and gave her the staff on which she was to lean.

It was a day of surprises: sisters had worked under cover to make church things she could give to her priest relatives and dainty gifts for her friends; there were useful monastic presents for herself, soft-going shoes to wear in time of silence and so on. Then there was a concert: Scotch airs, reminiscences, chorus, trios. The reminiscences were in comic setting and there followed on a trio by the three most unmusical of the community. Everyone wondered if they really would insist on playing when it came to the time. Sr. Wilhelmina was first at the piano and took possession seemingly of the whole keyboard, the other two had to edge in as best they could; the back view was most comical and caused as much amusement as the performance itself. It came to an end amid much laughing applause, "Bravo! Splendid!" But the lay sisters were somewhat puzzled why three "who really *could* play" were not named to it.

The time was all too short for all the fun and frolic and presently the bell for compline rang. Sr. Scholastica asked the Prioress' permission to "say a few words": she thanked all, young and old, from first to last for all they had done not only that day but for all the sisterly kindness shown her during the past fifty years—for which she owed a debt of gratitude she could never hope to repay. (To be continued)

Just a Matter of Education

MARY MABEL WIRRIES

THE morning paper is lying before me now. The headlines are black and terrible: "Atheist banker shoots self. Joseph P. Hanlon found dead in office."

Little Joey! Joey, who came over to show me his new doll the day he was two years old. Joey, who teased me for cookies—"Des one, Auntie Retta, and that's all." Joey, who used to look so like an angel when he was serving at Holy Mass. Joey, to die so! I can't believe it, and yet—

It all goes back to a summer day twenty-eight years ago. Joey and my Francis had just graduated from the High School. They were chums, Joey and Francis. It was natural that they should be, for our two families had always been neighbors. Clara Hanlon, Joey's mother, had been my own best friend ever since our school days at St. Mary's. I can see her now, sitting in the low porch rocker on my verandah, with the afternoon sunlight peeping through the vines and caressing her fly-away silken hair. She had a bit of fine sewing in her lap—lingerie she was embroidering for Marie. We were talking as usual, about the future of our children. She had just mentioned P— College as the place where Joseph would be going in the fall, and I had dropped my knitting to stare incredulously.

"P— College!" I ejaculated. "But, Clara! Surely you are not going to allow Joseph to attend a non-Catholic school?"

"Why not?" she asked coolly. "It's strictly non-sectarian and all the best people go there. I think you are very foolish not to send Francis, too. Why don't you ask Will to let him go?"

I'm afraid my French-and-Irish boiled over, for I snapped at her as though I knew not the meaning of courtesy.

"Because, Clara Hanlon, God gave me good sense. Francis goes to St. John's as a Catholic boy should."

"Well, of course, you'll suit yourself about it," she replied in a provokingly superior manner, "but you'll have to admit that Francis could easily form friendships at P— College that would be the making of him."

"Perhaps," I answered, still roiled, "and he could also easily imbibe doctrines that would be the damnation of him."

"Oh, come now," she laughed, "you've old-fashioned ideas, Loretta. You must get out of your rut and be more broadminded."

"If being broadminded means allowing pernicious teachings to seduce my children from

their religion, their most precious heritage, before their minds are fully developed, then, thank God, I am old-fashioned," I retorted. "I mean my children to be fully educated, mentally and spiritually. As for the best people going to P—. Well, the Hennesseys and the Murphys, the Ducats and the Malones are still sending their boys to St. John's, and where would you find finer people? Good, practical Catholics, all of them. Frequent communicants, and faithful workers in the parish."

"Well, Loretta," she said, petulantly, gathering her sewing into a fleecy cloud in her arms, "it's useless to talk to you I see. Our ideas as to who are the best people are decidedly at variance."

And she went home, holding her head high. We were never such good friends afterward, though I tried often to get back on the old chummy basis. But she started going around with Mrs. Morgan, who owned a huge limousine, and belonged to a lot of clubs, and I had too much to be doing at home to bother with "high society."

So Joseph went to P— College, and we heard he was making a splendid record in his studies, and at first, when he'd be coming home for vacations, he seemed much the same Joseph, hanging around with Francis and the two of them going over to see the Conlon girls. But the second year he seemed different, somehow,—lax about going to Mass, and once I heard him and Francis having a hot argument over something and when I asked Francis about it afterward, he said:

"Oh, those profs over at P— have got him all mixed up with their psychology and stuff. He's just about getting where he doesn't believe much of anything now. I told him to take a good, stiff dose of catechism, and he says the catechism is out of date."

Out of date! Poor Joseph!

That year my Katie went to St. Mary's, and the next year Agnes went, too. But Clara's Marie, who was the same age as Agnes, went East with Clarissa Morgan to Madame X's school on the Hudson, a fashionable finishing school, where the pupils acquire a smattering of French and music, etiquette and society patter, and very, very little to fit them to be noble, useful women. My! What an outfit Marie had! I couldn't have blamed Agnes if she had coaxed for something besides plain gingham and serges, after seeing Marie's velvets and

silks, but if she wanted them she said nothing of her desires.

Marie never finished her course at Madame X's. She spent her first vacation with a classmate at Newport, and shortly after the reopening of school, she eloped with that same classmate's black-sheep brother, and was married to him—outside the Church, of course. In less than a year they were divorced, and Marie, broken in health and with a tiny baby to care for, came home to her mother.

The baby died (Clara still had enough religion to have it baptized, thank God), and as soon as Marie was out of mourning she married the Morgan boy. They have lived "like cats and dogs," as they say. Well, why not? They had little enough to cement them together. Even children were deemed too much bother.

Joseph became a prosperous, influential man. He married well, in a worldly sense. Of course his bride was not a Catholic. He didn't pretend to be one himself, any more. An atheist, they say he was. Poor Joey!

My children? Ah! My blessed ones! Even as I write I hear the bells of St. Mary's, ringing the Angelus. Agnes is there, wearing the habit of the order—and helping us all to attain heaven by her prayers. Regina will be there soon, too—Regina is Francis' daughter—he married the younger Conlon girl. I had hoped he would have a vocation but that was left for Edward, the baby. A missionary, he plans to be. God grant that he may!

Katie's youngest children, twins, are making their First Holy Communion tomorrow, and they have been over to coax me to kneel in the "frontest front pew, Grandma," in the morning. Truly, the Sacred Heart has showered blessings upon us.

I can't help thinking, though, of Joey, dying like that. A terrible thing it is! He never would, if he had kept his Faith. He had the wrong kind of education. May God have mercy on his soul!

He hath made a remembrance of His wonderful works, being a merciful and gracious Lord; He hath given food to them that fear Him.—Psalm 110:4,5.

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

Today, when values seem to be measured by speed or usefulness, many are apt, even unintentionally, to lose sight of some important phases in the very reason for which Christ became man and died on Calvary, the redemption of fallen man. Now next to keeping man

in the friendship of God, the most important thing in life is to restore to that friendship those who through ignorance or prejudice have strayed away from it. Many such throng our busy streets and work with us in shop or office, but those with whom this article deals are they who have fallen from their original state through the influence of paganism. Hence we wish to call attention here to a few of the many important ways of helping in man's most noble work, the conversion of souls to their creator.

The first and greatest need of the missions, next to the grace of God, are priests. Almost in the same breath we might add that brothers and sisters are essential too, for what the one begins, the others complete and solidify. The prime object of the missions is to save souls for God, but a soul steeped in sin cannot be raised to God unless it is first freed from sin, and it cannot be kept in the friendship of God unless it is constantly nourished with the Bread of Life, the Holy Eucharist, hence the crying need for many more priests for our missions. But what has that to do with the laity, you may ask. The answer is brief: Whence come the Clergy? Not every individual is bound to become a priest or brother or nun, but society is bound to give to Christ's true Church a number sufficient for her needs. You may not be of the number chosen, but you are a member of society. Christ has called His soldiers and has appointed men to train them. He leaves the rest to you.

Do you think that when this soldier of the Lord has reached his post of duty his needs are at an end? No, by no means, for that is when they really begin. The missionary has to live and churches and chapels must be erected and fitted up for divine service. Catechists and teachers are needed. While their salaries are insignificant, the missionary has to pay them. There is continual expense on the missions as well as elsewhere, yet it is truly wonderful what a missionary can accomplish with the paltry sums he receives from friends of the missions and from mission societies. From the lack of necessary means his hands are bound continually. Are you not willing to help advance the kingdom of God on earth?

While many people who read this will admit that it is all very true, they object that it is asking too much to keep their own parish church going and help the missions too. Long ago somewhat the same objection was made to an appeal from one of God's ministers. A prophet of the Lord was fleeing before the anger of his king, and being hungry he asked a widow for some bread. She refused him saying she had but a little meal which she meant to cook up for her son and herself after which they would have to starve to death. She finally gave the prophet some of the food and though he remained with her for some time, the meal did not diminish in the least. So also shall it be with you. Fear not to help the needy for even so slight a thing as a glass of water given in His name is rewarded by the Lord, nor is He outdone in generosity.

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—The highest point on land ever reached by explorers was that of the recent Mount Everest expedition, 27,300 feet.

—A recent loud speaker for the radio telephone will amplify the received message so that the strains of music, for example, may be heard a mile or so away.

—A project is now under way for broadcasting a college education by means of wireless telephone.

—Experts predict that the day of the 150 dollar automobile is in sight. No one, however, announces a 150 dollar upkeep.

—Shooting liquid cement from a special gun, so as to coat a 350-foot steel bridge with a protective layer of non-corrosive material, represents one of the boldest undertakings of this kind in the history of our concrete age. The bridge crosses the Willamette River near Oregon City, Oregon. If this stands the test of time, it will open a new era in concrete construction.

—A 'rapid fire' stamp affixer will stamp envelopes as fast as a person's hand can manipulate the plunger. When pressure is applied to the plunger, the machine moistens the envelope and affixes the postage stamp.

—A new compressed-air tool will blow old paint from a wall. It is designed to replace the present method of blowtorch and scraper. A light scraper cuts under the paint in several places, whilst a strong current of air, directed to the edge of the scraper, blows away the paint that has been loosened.

—The world's largest electric light bulb produces 60,000 candle power, with one-third the energy consumption required to run an ordinary electric car.

—In a hundred meter dash, an airplane is sixty times faster than a swimmer, ten times faster than a runner, and more than seven times faster than a locomotive.

—A unique use for bats! They prey on mosquitoes, and for this reason have found municipal bat houses erected for their special use by a southern city.

—Preserving milk without the aid of chemicals is promised by two patented processes from Germany. The principle in both is the same. Cold milk is heated just long enough to kill the bacteria which cause spoilage, and is then cooled immediately.

—The production of a white blackberry, a thornless cactus, etc., by crossing diverse plants, we often regard as a chance discovery. But certain laws, first announced by Gregor J. Mendel, an Austrian Augustinian Abbot, are recognized more and more as fundamental in predicting the qualities of the offspring. Anent this, the latest issue of "Jahrbuch der Naturwissenschaften" reports: "The Mendelian laws are the norm for judging the offspring of hybrids.... The Mendelian laws for crossbreeding are, already at the present time, more fruitful than any other discovery for the production of fruitful plants. When the worth of these laws will have attained full recognition, and when their quali-

ties will have been further investigated, then will the plant expert attain his end in much shorter time, and with greater certainty."

—The following bit of humor will not be out of place in these notes. It is estimated that the handshaking from one election would pump two million gallons of water.

—America's first rigid airship is nearing completion at Lakehurst, N. J. It is being built by the Navy Department with the assistance of a technical assistant formerly with the Zeppelin Company of Germany.

—Pneumatic tools usually require a large air compressor. An extraordinary development in this line is the mounting of a small air compressor directly in the tool itself. The air compressor is driven by a flexible shaft from a small motor.

—America has now the record for the deepest hole ever bored. In order to reach rich oil deposits in the neighborhood of Clarksburg, West Virginia, a depth of 7582 feet was obtained. The deepest shaft in the world is in Houghton County, Michigan, with a depth of 5269 feet, practically a mile.

—Treasures from cinders are secured in recent economies. Germany, owing to its poor coal supply, has developed a treatment of cinders in order to recover unburnt particles of coal. The crushed cinders, mixed with water, are agitated to and fro, so that the heavier cinders sink to the bottom, leaving the lighter coal on the surface. Magnetized bands are also used to hold the slag, whilst the coal passes away.

—Federal aid roads are being completed at the rate of a thousand miles a month.

—Clay piping can now be had with a waterproof joint of bituminous material.

—It is also announced that *successful* colored movies are now practical.

—The *Scientific American* has offered two prizes, each of 2,500 dollars, to anyone who will produce spirit manifestations before a select jury. The offer is a challenge to mediums, who always operate under conditions allowing many chances for fraud. One editor remarks that the attempt to produce 'spirits' under test conditions seems to be an infringement of the Volstead law. It is safer to wager that the outcome will show less than one-half of one per cent in spirits.

—The new super-regenerative circuit for the reception of wireless signals is not proving as successful as at first expected. It amplifies loud signals well, but because of noises produced within the apparatus itself is not very satisfactory with weak signals. The present trend of development for amateur radio reception is toward the radio-frequency amplifier. A radio-frequency amplifier takes the incoming wireless waves, and before detecting them, that is, before reducing them to audio or hearable frequency, magnifies them greatly.

—The record for long distance transmission by wireless amateurs is that from Hartford, Conn., to Hawaii, with one relay at Sleepy Eye, Minn.

—Imagine the airplane depicted on the movie screen rushing directly toward the spectators. This stereoscopic effect is now claimed for a new method which will soon be installed in leading theaters. The principle is that of the familiar household stereoscope which uses suitable lenses and two pictures of the same scene mounted side by side to secure depth to a resultant single picture. The moving picture shows alternately such parallel pictures, which are viewed by the spectators through a shutter device producing the effect of a three dimension scene.

—Another invention to help deaf persons hear transmits the vibrations of speech through a small vibration amplifier to the bones or teeth of the deaf person. The principle is rather that of feeling than of hearing.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—In view of the fact that the State of Washington is to be the next battle field for the fight against private and parochial schools, the Rt. Rev. Edward J. O'Dea, Bishop of Seattle, has ordered that, beginning with Sunday, Dec. 10, 1922, the oration "Against the Persecutors of the Church" be said by the priest in each Mass even on doubles of the first class. Moreover, at the end of Mass, after the customary "Hail Holy Queen," the following "Prayer for Our Schools" should be added: "Dear Lord Jesus, our beloved Master, whose teaching has enlightened mankind, whose divine example has inspired the Church to gather around her with maternal care the little ones and to nurture them in knowledge and holy wisdom; bestow evermore Thy blessings upon our schools that through them a devout generation may grow up, which will bring honor to Thy spouse, the Church, and be a credit to our Country. May the children, fostered in these schools consecrated to Thy name, cling faithfully to Thee, who art the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and thus be safeguarded against the false wisdom of the world. Lead them to the vision of Thy heavenly Father in union with the angels and the saints, who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen." This prayer is also to be recited once a day in all the schools of the diocese.

—According to report the Rt. Rev. John M. Gannon, Bishop of Erie, ordained recently at St. Bonaventure Seminary eighty-five candidates to the priesthood.

—The colored Catholics of Cleveland, O., are to have a church of their own, the gift of two sisters whose names have not been revealed. Bishop Schrembs laid the corner stone of the new church, which will be known as the Church of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament. Three Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament are already doing social work among the colored people in the new parish. These Sisters will also have charge of the parochial school which is soon to be established.

—The Metropolitan Central Council of St. Vincent de Paul Conferences, St. Louis, made its annual re-

treat and received Holy Communion 900 strong at St. Joseph's Church on Dec. 10.

—With the passing of 1922 *The Fortnightly Review* of St. Louis passed its twenty-ninth birthday. Arthur Preuss, the scholarly editor, does not mince words when he scores abuses or takes delinquents to task. His vigorous blows are aimed straight from the shoulder.

—Rev. E. A. Mooney, D. D., pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Youngstown, O., in the diocese of Cleveland has been appointed spiritual director of the American College at Rome.

—A Pontifical Requiem Mass at the funeral of a former slave is quite out of the ordinary, yet this was the privilege accorded to "Uncle" Tom Mullen, deceased chef at St. Thomas Seminary, Denver. Uncle Tom, as he was familiarly called, who was 82 years of age, worked faithfully up to within a week of his death. He will long be remembered for his boundless charity, innocence, and other great virtues. With each gift bestowed, silence was imposed upon the beneficiary. He lived a saintly life and died a saintly death.

—Notre Dame has 100 students enrolled in its school of journalism. It is the policy of Dr. John M. Cooney, Dean of Journalism at the University, not to impart to the student technical knowledge of newspapers alone, but have them devote their time also to history, economics, philosophy, English, and other subjects that go to make up a liberal education. Such preparation ought to turn out real journalists, not mere technicians.

—The Church of St. Jean de Baptiste, at Pawtucket, R. I., was gutted by fire early in the morning of Dec. 22. Because of the density of the smoke the curate was unable to approach the altar to remove the Blessed Sacrament. Firemen, equipped with gas masks, came to his aid and rescued the Sacred Species.

—Prof. Alois F. Rhode, organist and choir master at St. Anthony's Church, St. Louis, died suddenly of heart trouble just before the first Mass on Christmas morning. Mr. Rhode's choir, which consisted of about sixty young boys and thirty men, was well known for its splendid rendition of Gregorian chant and other church music. A brother, an uncle, and two cousins of the deceased are priests in the Franciscan Order.

—The Santa Rosa parish at Lone Pine, California, which covers an area of about 10,000 square miles or one-fourth of the new diocese of Monterey and Fresno, has within its limits the highest and lowest points in the United States—Mt. Whitney, 14,502 feet high, and Death Valley, 250 feet below sea level.

—The Dominion Atlantic Railway has set aside land for an Acadian Memorial Park at Grand Pré, which was immortalized by Longfellow in his "Evangeline." A cross has been raised over the ancient graveyard and a statue to Evangeline has been set up by the roadside. On August 16th the Rt. Rev. Edward A. LeBlanc, Bishop of St. John, who is said to be a descendant of René LeBlanc, the notary that figures in Longfellow's poem, laid the corner stone for the memorial

chapel which is being erected of native stone on the site of the ancient parish church of St. Charles. Descendants of the Acadians who were exiled in September, 1755, were present from Louisiana and from New England. The interior of the chapel is to be done in rare mosaics, rich paintings and sculptures, and other memorials of Acadian days. More than \$50,000 will be required to complete the chapel. Protestants as well as Catholics are contributing towards this memorial.

—Radio, in which nearly everyone is interested nowadays, may soon become as popular as the telephone. We read in the *Denver Catholic Register* that Rev. Agathe Strittmatter, O.S.B., of Boulder, Col., who, "listened in" to the midnight Mass service at the old cathedral in St. Louis, Mo., on Christmas, reports that the voices of the priests and the singing of the choir came in so clear that the only thing missing was the smell of incense and the clinking of the coins as they fell into the collection plate. No doubt the offerings consisted of greenbacks only.

—According to the diary of the priest who attended the late Emperor Charles of Austria on his deathbed, the emperor, who was a devout Catholic, died in a truly Christian manner, forgiving his enemies and offering up his sufferings for them.

—The time for gaining the great spiritual favors granted in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Holy Name Society in this country has been extended from Dec. 31 to Trinity Sunday. Instead of an eight-day retreat, as at first specified, a retreat of three days will now suffice.

—Edward Regan, a London Irishman, who for fifty years has been a server at the altar, recently received from Pope Pius XI the papal medal "Bene Merenti." An autograph letter from Cardinal Bourne and a gold watch from his fellow servers were presented to Mr. Regan at the same time with the papal medal, which was conferred at a public ceremony.

MISSIONS

—The General Council of the Religious Institute of St. Peter Claver, which has the African missions as object of its solicitude, has selected Countess Marie Falkenhayn to succeed the late lamented Directress General and foundress, Countess Ledochowska. The new Directress General, who comes from an ancient Austrian family, has lived many years at Rome. For quite a while she was assistant to the foundress. Among other accomplishments she possesses the ability to speak French, Italian, English, Polish, and German.

—Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., writes from the St. Paul Indian Mission on the Yankton Reservation in South Dakota, which formerly had its mail addressed to Ravinia, that the Government of the United States has opened a post office at the mission and named the missionary postmaster. The new post office, however, bears the name of Marty, in memory of Bishop Martin Marty, O. S. B., apostle of the Sioux Indians, who spent many years of arduous labor in that territory in the early days. The Bureau of Catholic Indian

Missions has purchased two large government school buildings which are being removed piecemeal to the St. Paul Mission, where a school was opened several months ago for the Indians. Moreover, to give the mission stability, the Bureau has purchased 103 acres of land. On the reservation there are 600 Indian children of school age who are nearly all pagans. The harvest is ripe, indeed, but the laborers are few. Only recently a considerable number of adults on this reservation asked for admission into the Church. Such reports are encouraging.

—Maryknoll has received a mission territory in Korea. Very Rev. Patrick J. Byrne, who has been appointed superior, left in January via Europe for the Far East.

—The Society of the Divine Word has been given a mission district in southeast Honan, China.

—Rev. Herbert Winkler, S. D. S., of St. Nazianz, Wis., has gone to Shaown, Fukien, China, to take charge of a new mission. Two other Salvatorian priests, who were formerly at Assam, British India, will be associated with him.

BENEDICTINE

—Rev. Rhabanus Gutmann, O. S. B., of St. Vincent Archabbey, in Pennsylvania, on New Year's Day reached the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. He celebrated Solemn High Mass at which Bishop Schrembs, a former pupil of the jubilarian, preached.

—Bro. Gabriel Hanley, O.C.R., a Trappist lay brother at Gethsemane, Ky., died on Jan. 3 kneeling before the altar attending the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Bro. Gabriel, who was born at Limerick, Ireland, on May 27, 1845, entered the austere order of the Trappists in Feb. 1894.

—Rev. Dr. Peter Klotz, O. S. B., of St. Peter's Abbey, Salzburg, Austria, an institution that dates back to the time of Charlemagne, has been elected abbot of this ancient abbey. When the World War broke out, Abbot-elect Klotz was in Japan, gathering materials for a new book. After many thrilling experiences he finally reached the United States. He was fortunate enough to evade capture by the English on his return to Austria. Several years ago he returned to the United States to collect for his impoverished brethren.

Gleanings from the Harvest Field

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

—Speaking of the power of prayer for the conversion of the heathen, a certain bishop of Cochin, China, said: "The prayers of ten Carmelites will avail me more than the teachings of twenty missionaries." Believing that the establishment of a religious house in their country would hasten the conversion of the Chinese, the Cistercians founded the monastery of our Lady of Consolation at Yang-p'ing, China. Since Rosary Sunday, Oct. 2, 1921, Mass has been offered up each day

on the altar of the Immaculate Conception for this intention. Moreover, when the Cistercians held their General Chapter at Cîteaux last September, all the monasteries of the Order, numbering some 3,000 members, were asked to unite their prayers with those of their brethren for the same purpose.

—According to a statement made by the Rev. Wm. J. Cohill, American missionary who was recently ordained in the Far East, China is ready for Christianity. Abandoning her temple worship, she is converting the shrines of her idols into schools, orphanages, hospitals and other public service institutions. With this barrier broken down, the way for gaining these souls for Christ is open to the American missionary, especially since the Chinese have a great love and admiration for Americans.

—According to the statistics of the 1921 census the Christian population of India has increased more than twenty-two per cent in the past ten years. The Christians there number 4,754,079. In 1911 their number was 3,876,203.

—Some eighty years ago Africa, the "Dark Continent," was an unexplored wilderness. In the few settlements that dotted the coast there were few Catholics, who probably numbered less than 100,000. Today no portion of the continent is unexplored. Railroads and wagon roads transect the entire continent. The natives are ever coming more and more under the influence of European culture. According to Rev. Alphonse Vaeth, S. J., missionary, in 1917 the number of Catholics in Africa and the neighboring islands amounted to 1,961,686. In 1914 the Protestants counted 1,204,530 adherents. Since 1917 the increase of Catholic life is as follows: The continent is divided into 103 missions: 1 patriarchate, 8 dioceses, 1 prelate, 59 vicariates apostolic, 31 prefectures apostolic, and 3 missions. These comprise a population of 2,310,000 souls. Laboring in this vast vineyard we find 2283 European priests, 248 native priests, 1030 European and native brothers, 4937 European and native sisters. If we subtract the white population of 300,000, we have a native population of about 2,000,000 Catholics. The dense shadows are being lifted.

—Rev. C. Auroff, a convert from the Russian Orthodox Church laboring for the conversion of the 15,000 Russians in the diocese of Detroit, is meeting with success. He longs for the day when the 100,000,000 Russians of the world will again be in the bosom of the Catholic Church. He says that the Russian people has a great spiritual hunger, which the Catholic Church alone can appease.

—"The principal motive that induced me to embrace the faith of my husband and daughter," says Baroness von G., a convert from the Russian Orthodox Church who was received into the Catholic Church on Easter Sunday, 1914, "was the opportunity afforded me of receiving Holy Communion frequently. The most pious of the Russian faithful seldom communicate oftener than once a year, for which they prepare themselves

by confession, recollection, and prayer of about a week's duration. When I saw my child approach the holy table every four weeks, and later, every day, I saw how poor I was. The hunger in my soul for my Savior increased day by day, so that I felt forcibly drawn to make the important step. In my perplexity I laid my case before a learned Catholic priest in A., and I could have found no better teacher and guide. When I told him that I could condemn nothing, nor consider as false any tenets of the Russian community, he replied: 'You need not do that. You need not renounce any of your beliefs, you will only have to add more.' So it was. My burning desire is appeased daily since I made the great step, for which grace I thank God each day. My constant prayer now is that the efforts of our Holy Father, the Pope, in trying to bring the Russians back to the Church, may be crowned with success, so that there may soon be but one fold and one Shepherd as willed and ordained by God."

Viaticum

P. K.

At daybreak in a chapel small
That crowns the rocky shore
A fisher knelt, absorbed in prayer,
God's blessing to implore.

O Jesus, Master, in my breast,
Be with me on my way.
Be thou my sweet Viaticum
Should I be wrecked today.

The sea was calm as he embarked
To ply his humble trade.
(This trip was, by God's providence,
The last he ever made.)

Then came the storm. His little bark
Was shattered by a wave
That sang his mournful funeral dirge
Around his watery grave.

But now he sails another sea,
The sea of Jesus' love;
For He was with him on the way
That ends in heaven above.

My Winter Bouquet

LOLA BEERS MYSEN

A bittersweet bouquet for me
Fraught with autumn ecstasy
Of burnished orange, scarlet red,
Which bloom on when the flowers are dead,
When all the colors of the year
Are caught inside your berries dear.
You crinkle, wrinkle, smaller grow
But never lose your cheery glow
Like some old lady's cheeks I've seen—
Retain the gleam of youthful sheen.



AGNES BROWN HERING

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—1923 is now upon its way and we are in the midst of the shortest month. February lacks three days of being as long as January, which precedes it, and March, which follows it.

The three important feast days shown in pictures on the beautiful Grail Calendar are: the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary on the 2nd, the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, which occurs on the 11th, and the Flight into Egypt, which is celebrated on the 17th.

Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, the 21st, 23rd, and 24th are Ember Days. Lent commences on St. Valentine's day, and continues until Sunday, April the first.

During this month of February there occurs Lincoln's birthday on the 12th, Washington's on the 22nd, and Longfellow's on the 27th.

Then too, we must not overlook the feast of St. Blase on the 3rd. St. Blase is the saint whose blessing is invoked to prevent diseases of the throat. If we look up the lives of the saints and important personages who may be honored this month, we shall be kept busy.

We must not forget, likewise, that the time of doing penance is at hand. We should say the Rosary and the Stations of the Cross and perform other good works. Easter will be a happy day for us in proportion to the amount of preparation that we make.

Everybody's "Dad"

Onct they was a little boy what liked to go to school—He always sat on the front seat, and never bwoked a rule—

An' raised his hand at evvyfing—an' never talked out loud—

Ah! MY! his daddy and his mom were some'n fierce fer proud!

An' on his 'port card every month was "hundred"—just a fink!

Becus he never was kept in, ner wouldn't even wink!

An' after school he'd come wight home—an' never stop to play

An' his dee mama never said: "Where HAS you been today?"

He never tored his pants ner got his blouse all sticky dirt—

An' never fit—ner played football—ner cwied when he was hurt—

He'd wawsh his hands before he ate—and never, never stuff—

An' w'en he played wif l'il girls he wasn't never rough.

An' MY! he liked to take a baff—took hunerds e'vy day—

(But not in swimmin' water—there he always stayed away!)

He never ate between his meals, ner ast fer butter-bread

An' "Yes, Ma-ma," an' "No, Pa-pa," was all the words he said!

He alwus said his prayers jes' right — an' never got 'em mixed—

An' never smashed his toys, ner ast to have them sewed er fixed!

But somewheres he did some'n wrong — er else it couldn't be

That he'd be Dad of jes' the worstest boy in all the world—

(That's me!)

"Quentin."

Evangeline

The poet Longfellow has immortalized the name of Evangeline in his book bearing that title. He has portrayed a character so sweet and lovable, so modest and so beautiful, that only to know her in the story is to love her and to wish that all maidens might choose her as their model.

Her eyes were black, as black "as the berry that grows on the thorns by the wayside." We are often told that black eyes are deceitful and treacherous and full of the fire of revenge. Not so with Evangeline. Her black eyes gleamed softly beneath the brown hair which encircled her forehead.

She was fair to look upon, exceedingly fair, for the beauty of her spirit was at all times revealed in her face. When she carried refreshment to the harvesters in the noontide heat, she was considered fair by all. Fairer still did she appear with prayer book and rosary in her hand, and wearing a Norman Cap and blue kirtle, as she passed on Sunday to the church in answer to the bell which sounded its summons far and wide. Still more beautiful did she appear after confession, as she walked homeward serenely. Her whole being seemed to radiate celestial brightness, and there was no doubt that the benediction of God was upon her. After she had passed, it seemed as if the watchers had been listening to exquisite music and that the melody had died away.

Religion with her was a part of her daily life. It was not something for Sunday use, and to be put away on week days. When the English soldiers, by orders from the King, had gathered the men of Grand Pré in the church, and they did not return, was the heart of Evangeline filled with hatred and revenge? Far from it. "From the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended, charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience." Did she think of herself and the sorrow she was experiencing, knowing that her father and lover were held prisoners? Indeed not. "Forgetful of self she wandered into the village, cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women."

Another evidence of her strong religious spirit is found when the author describes the storm. Evangeline was alone in the house. Each room was empty and drear. The rain fell, the lightning flashed, and the thunder echoed. Instead of being terrified, she was reminded by the storm that "God was in heaven and governed the world He created." We are told, also, that

as the villagers were being driven down to the ships, that Evangeline was calm in the hour of affliction, and that she strove to comfort others.

Through all her wanderings, she never lost faith in God's goodness and mercy. Her life of trial and sorrow had taught her patience and self-abnegation. When at last she gave up her wanderings, she had no other thought than to follow "meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Savior." And so as a Sister of Mercy she spent her days and nights in relieving suffering, comforting the dying, and in alleviating pain.

So filled with the love of God was she, and so beautiful was her life, that the dying, looking up into her face, seemed to see gleams of heavenly light encircle her forehead.

A further evidence of the beautiful Christian spirit, which was a part of her life, were the words she uttered when she pressed the lifeless head of Gabriel to her bosom: "Father, I thank Thee."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The village of Grand Pré, (Grand Prairie), destroyed by English soldiers in 1755, is still a mass of ruins. Recently a railroad was constructed past this "deserted village," and land was set aside for an "Acadian Memorial Park." A rustic stone cross marks the ancient graveyard and a statue has been erected on the roadside to Evangeline. On the 16th of August, 1922, Rt. Rev. Edward A. LeBlanc, Bishop of St. John, who is said to be a descendant of René LeBlanc, the notary of Grand Pré in Longfellow's poem, laid the corner stone of a memorial chapel which is to stand where the parish church of St. Charles stood in Grand Pré. The chapel will cost about \$50,000, which is being contributed from all over the United States and Canada.

A Regular Boy

Do you rise in the morning and greet the new day
With a smile and a song for your work and your play?

Do you play as you work with might and with main—
And do you play fair?

And from your defeats do you bob up again,
Ready, Right There!

And when you get orders for tasks by the score
Do you tackle the job and come back for more?

Then—You're a Regular Boy.

Are you clean in your habits, in body and mind?

Does that mean to you

To travel through life with a crowd the same kind—
Are you loyal and true?

Are you willing to wait, if that be your lot,

But work in the meantime and give all you've got?

Then—You're a Regular Boy.

Does danger but steel you to banish all fears?

Are you ready to fight

'Gainst coaxings of friends or the enemy's jeers—
To stand for the right?

And then—do you know how to make and keep friends,
To smile and be happy, whatever God sends?

Then—You're a Regular Boy.

Ludwig S. Dale.

The Resolution

"Now children, you know you are not bound by the rules of Lent to fast; but don't you think you ought to do some little penance in honor of our Dear Lord?" These were the words of Sister Helen to her Catechism Class the Sunday before Lent.

"How many of you are willing to abstain from candy and going to the Picture Shows?"

Immediately the hands of practically every one in the class were raised in consent to this request. Among them were the hands of Thomas and Mary McMahon, whom we will use to show how this request was carried out.

On the way home from Catechism, Thomas, who had been with a few of his friends, who had separated to go to their homes, hurried to overtake his sister who was ahead of him and walk the rest of the way home with her.

"Are you going to carry out the sister's request, Sis?" said Thomas, when he had succeeded in overtaking her.

"Why of course I am, Thomas. Why do you ask that? Aren't you?"

Oh I guess I will if the rest of the fellows do."

"If the rest of the fellows do. That is no way to do Thomas. Haven't you a mind of your own?"

"Yes. But I am not going to be the only fellow that does it."

After a short time they reached their home.

"What do you think of it Mamma, Thomas said he would abstain from candy and Picture Shows, if the rest of the fellows do. He says he does not want to be the only fellow that does this," said Mary, upon entering her home.

"Why, Thomas, aren't you ashamed of yourself. If the other fellows do. The idea! Are you that weak, Thomas, that you have to have company, in everything you do?"

"No, mom, but I don't think many of the other fellows are going to do it. I am going to abstain from ice cream; and just think of the good shows I will miss."

"That will be so much better, Thomas, your sacrifice will be much greater and pleasing."

"Yes, and just think how much nicer the shows will be, and also how much sweeter the candy will be after Lent," added Mary.

After a great deal of persuasion Thomas finally said he would try to do this.

Two weeks have now passed. And such a time it has been for both children. It seems as though all the best shows of the year came in Lent.

"There's a dandy show down in the city at the Strand tonight, Tom. Can you go with us?"

This statement was made by one of a number of non-Catholic boys, with whom Thomas was walking home from school one evening.

"Do go with us," added another.

"I'd like to, fellows, but I can't."

"Why can't you," said the first spokesman, "haven't you the money?"

"Yes I have the money, but it is Lent and we Catholic fellows don't usually go to shows during this season."

"Oh what's Lent? It is not going to hurt you to go to the shows. Isn't this time the same as any other time?"

"No it isn't. It is a holy season which precedes Easter, and is set aside by the Catholic and some of the other churches as a special penitential season."

"Oh well, it won't harm you to go to the movies just this once. Can't you go tonight and stay from the shows the rest of Lent, as you call it."

"Well, I don't know. I promised—"

"Oh, come on, Bill Kelly is going and he is a Catholic," added the rest of the group.

Thomas hesitated for a while, but finally he said he would go just this once.

That evening after Thomas had eaten his supper his mother noticed him getting ready to go out, and asked him where he was going.

"Oh I am going to the Strand with the fellows."

"Why, Thomas, I thought you weren't going to the shows during Lent."

"Well, it's an extra good show, Mom, and besides Bill Kelly is going."

"Very well, if you persist in going, but mind me, you will get no money from me to go anywhere Easter."

With a guilty feeling in his heart. Tom left his home and went to meet the other fellows. With them he proceeded to the show.

After the show, while on the way home he went into a confectionery store with his chums. While in there he forgot his resolution not to eat candy and proceeded to enjoy himself the same as his friends. Thus ended Thomas's good resolutions, for he thought now that he had once broken them he might as well continue in his pre-Lenten form of living.

But not so with Mary. She refused all offers of candy and trips to the show and continued in her good resolutions.

At last Easter came.

Coming in from the eight o'clock Mass, Mary said to her mother, "Mother, there is no Catechism this afternoon and Helen Smith wants me to go to the show in the city with her. May I go?"

"Well, as you have not gone to the shows during Lent, you may," said her mother.

Thomas who was standing near by overheard the conversation and decided he wanted to go to a show also.

"Mom, may I go to a show too?"

"What did I tell you a few weeks ago when you went to the Strand, and besides you have gone to other shows since then and you have eaten candy. In other words you have done nothing to observe Lent. So if you have not the money to go to the city show you cannot go. As I will give you no money."

So Thomas, who had just enough money to go to the small show in his own town, had to be contented with his lot, while Mary, who had saved money during Lent and to which Mrs. McMahon had added a sufficient amount to go to the show, enjoyed herself in the city.

Thus Thomas who had thought it best to enjoy himself during Lent was made to pass Easter Sunday as any other Sunday. While Mary, who had observed Lent in its true form, was allowed to have a day of pleasure.

Lawrence Coleman.

Grandpa's Soliloquy

A foolish spider, small and grey,

Tied right on to my pipe

His web as if to smoke all day

I were, and then all night,

Just for the sake of him.

Oh silly spider, you for me,

Not I for you am here,

And both of us were made for God,

But I to be his heir

Eternally with Him.

Yes, creatures all, God is our end;

Him seek we should in joy,

You serving man, man serving Him,

To bring about His Glory,

Eternal praise to Him.

Alfred D. Reynolds.

Letter Box

(Address all letters for the CHILDREN'S CORNER to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

Silvia C. Rystics, 2234 Congress, E. Detroit, Mich., writes that she finds "The Grail" interesting and that she would like to correspond with some of the Corner-

ites. She attends St. Joachim School and is in the eighth grade.

Miss Oroville C. Higgins, who does not give her address, except to say that she lives in San Jose, wishes some girl to correspond with her. She attends High School. She likes "The Grail."

Margaret Walsh, 400 Clinton Avenue, Albany, N. Y., also wishes correspondents. She is in the eighth grade.

Edith Shockman and Frances Lutgen, Wheat Basin, Mont., write about their city, which has nearly 1000 inhabitants. A mile from the city is a lake ten miles long and two miles wide. Trees and small bushes grow around it. Western Twins said they had never seen a cowboy. "In Montana you may hear cowboy whoops and yells." These girls like to ride on their ponies. They wish to hear from Peggy Playfair. They offer the explanation that they are farmer's daughters "and not a bit stuck up either." They attend parochial school in Wheat Basin. They wish they could meet the editor of the Corner. Who can tell what the future may have in store?

Ethel Reynolds, 1532, Calliope, New Orleans, La., writes that she is an interested reader of "The Grail." She tells us that her city is the second largest port in the United States. It is also noted for the Mardi Gras celebration held there every year just before the beginning of Lent. The city is also famous for its old French Quarters and historical buildings. She is a sophomore in St. Theresa's High School. She wishes to hear from other readers.

Alice H. Ditmire, 94 James St., Green Island, N. Y., asks us to publish her name that some of the readers may write to her. She thinks "The Grail" a "wonderful Catholic Magazine."

Kathryn Emond, 1722 18th Str., Two Rivers, Wis., thinks "The Grail" the best Catholic magazine that she has ever read. She has written to Ruth LaFayette, and to Polly Daffron, but has received no answer. She is a Junior in High School. She belongs to The Children of Mary. Two Rivers has a population of 8000. It is the home of the largest wood-type factory in the world. Besides this it has aluminum ware shops, veneer factory, and pail factory. It has beautiful churches, and also many fine beauty spots. Kathryn is a promoter of the Apostleship of Prayer. She wishes others to write to her.

Lula Wellman, Elizabethtown, Ky., writes a letter in lead pencil. We do not print letters unless written in ink or typewritten.

Joseph Loeffler, San Francisco, Cal., read in the Corner a "very nice letter about New Orleans," and wishes to say a few words about the City of St. Francis. "In the first place, our weather is wonderful. It is never too hot in summer, not too cold in winter, and has been called by the weather bureau, the city with the most even weather in the world. It is a rapidly growing city, with many fine buildings, some of them over twenty-two stories in height, while eighteen and twenty-story buildings are common. We have the very finest hotels, and in number are exceeded only by New York. As for churches, San Francisco can boast of 45 Catholic churches, all of them very pretty and substantial. The oldest building in the city is a Catholic church, Mission Dolores, built by the Franciscan Fathers in the year of the Revolution, 1776. In it many

Indians adored their new God, and found the peace which they never found before. And Oh, it looks so pretty among the palms, and so small beside the concrete edifice which had to be built to accommodate the large numbers of our Catholics.

"Our wonderful Golden Gate Park, it would take to long too long to describe it."

This is a fine letter, and the editor is sorry that she had to wait so long before she could put it into print. Write again.

Peggy Playfair, Columbus, O., comes again for a friendly chat. We haven't heard from Peggy for a long time and are glad she has not entirely forgotten us. She is interested in the letters from the Zulu children. She has a brother who is a sailor and who has visited South Africa, and has been in Egypt and many other countries. She is grateful to those who prayed for the recovery of her father. He is improved in health.

Dorothy Johnston, New Richland, Minn., knocks for admission to the Corner. She is ten years old and in the fifth grade. She wishes correspondents. She sends the following "smile."

Visitor—Do you like to go to school?

Willie—Yes I like to go to school and I like to come home, but I do not like to stay there in between times.

Mother—Why do you suppose God forbade Adam and Eve to eat the fruit of the tree?

John—I suppose the apples were green.

Cecilia Pilon, 1313, 19th St., Two Rivers, Wis., is in the second year at High School, and is fourteen years of age. She wishes to hear from some of the readers.

Marie Hurly, 1065 Dolores St., San Francisco, is lame. She wishes some of the Cornerites to write to her.

Frances Lansing, 441 60 St., Brooklyn, N. Y., finds the Corner interesting. She liked Country Nan's letter and would like her name and address.

Lucille Jagodensky, Wis., writes us a letter in lead pencil, and sends the following pretty poem:

A Child's Prayer

God make my life a little light
Within the world to glow,—
A tiny flame that burneth high,
Wherever it may be.

God make my life a little flower,
That bringeth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

Agnes Meehan, Brooklyn, N. Y., also submits the following:

Have you ever heard at twilight,
The sweet sound of Vesper bell?
Have you ever heard its pealing,
Calling you, your prayers to tell?

Have you ever heard the bleating
Of a lamb at close of day?
Have you heard the Shepherd calling,
Calling those who strayed away?

When nor world, nor else can please thee,
When to thee all is decay,
Listen to the voice that calls Thee,
Think of thy Communion day.

Lucille Ulm, 8209, Zimple Str., who has been reading "The Grail" for two years, wishes to join the Corner. She is sixteen years of age and says she lives in the metropolis of the Sunny South. "New Orleans is the largest city in the state and is situated on both sides of the Mississippi River about 110 miles from the Gulf. The left bank of the river forms a crescent-shaped curve, and for this reason New Orleans is called 'The Crescent City.'"

"The city is noted for its beautiful churches, the most famous being the St. Louis Cathedral, which occupies the site where stood the first parish church of Louisiana. When the little parish church was burned in the great conflagration of 1778, the generous Don Almonaster y Roxas at his own expense built a larger and more costly church in 1792. This time-honored and historic old edifice is, with a few alterations, the present St. Louis Cathedral.

"New Orleans is the second oldest diocese in the United States and was raised to the dignity of archdiocese in 1850.

"It is the educational center of the State, the seat of Tulane and Loyola Universities, whose buildings rank among the finest of the United States. The city also contains the College of the Immaculate Conception, Holy Cross College, St. Aloysius College, New-combe College, Ursuline College and Academy, which I attend, and a number of academies and minor schools.

"In the French portion of the city are located the greatest number of historical buildings.

"Because of its historical interest, foreign characteristics, its world-famed carnival, 'Mardi Gras,' and its delightful climate, New Orleans is known as the winter capital of America.

"Best New Year wishes to all the Corner readers, hoping they will not forget my address."

This is a very fine letter, and we hope to receive many more like it. Please write again.

Peggy Reynolds, 137 Grand Str., Albany, N. Y., finds the Corner interesting and wishes to enter. She is a senior in the Cathedral High School of Albany. There are 31 in her class.

She tells us that in Albany there are many large hotels and theatres. The largest hotel here is the Ten Eyck, and next in size is the Hampton. She speaks of parks, tennis courts, croquet grounds. The churches are large and beautiful, chief among them being the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. It is a large brown stone building and a fine sample of Gothic architecture. The principal city buildings are the Capitol, the Education Building, the Telephone Building, and the City Hall. Peggy wishes all a happy New Year.

The editor of the Corner acknowledges a Christmas card from Leona M. Luczyk.

Margaret Rice, Pelican Lake, Wis., writes a second letter, saying her first was not published. Sorry. It must not have reached us.

Mayme Crawford, Elizabethtown, Ky., says that her sister has many correspondents through "The Grail" and she wishes to hear from some of the readers. She thinks that the Corner is growing rapidly, which speaks well for the contributors. She lives in the country, is thirteen years old, and in the eighth grade. She wishes to hear from the readers.

A Sweet Voice

"Oh, father, I wish I could sing! It's so nice to give pleasure to people. Florence sang at the club today, and we all enjoyed it so much. She sings every night to her father, too. I'd give anything if I could, but there's no use wishing. There isn't any music in me."

"Is that so?" asked the father, taking her wistful face between his hands. "Well, perhaps you can't sing, but don't tell me your voice has no music in it. To me it is full of music."

"Why, father, how can you say so?"

"Almost every evening," answered the father, "when I come home, the first thing I hear is a merry laugh, and it rests me, no matter how tired I am. Yesterday I heard that voice saying: 'Don't cry, Buddie, sister will mend it for you.'"

"Sometimes I hear it reading to grandmother. Last week, I heard it telling Mary, 'I'm sorry your head aches. I'll do the dishes tonight.'"

The Sunshine of Childhood

(Contributed)

St. Martin, P. M., (Pope and Martyr) means St. Martin, "Postmaster."

Bobby was sick and he had spent most of the morning in tears. After dinner his mother came in and found him crying again. "Bobby, are you crying again?" she asked.

"No, mamma, I'm not cryin', this is the way I laugh."

"Mamma, I can't go to school today."

"Why not, dear?"

"When I woke up this morning, I hadn't slept a wink all night."

A pocket veto, the pupil in Civics explained, is what the president carries around in his pockets.

Teacher—"Jane, how do you compare sick?"

Jane—"Positive, sick; comparative, hard sick; superlative, dead."

Teacher—"Clara, give principal parts of *overheat* and *fight*."

Clara—"Present, *overheat*; past, *overhet*; past participle, *overhitten*; *fight*, *fit*, *fauten*."

"Kite is a verb," said Mabel. "It's prensipal parts are: kite, kit, kitten."

Teacher—"Julia, spell and define *wardrobe*."

Julia—"W-a-r-d-r-o-b-e. *Ward* is our grocer and *robe* is an overcoat. Our grocer's overcoat."

Teacher—"Martha, who wrote 'Barefoot Boy'?"

Martha—"O'Bryant wrote it. He's the man that has araspolis in his feet. He's been runnin' fur president since pop was a boy an' he ain't got there yet."

From the beginners in Latin

Mary and Helen were preparing their Latin. "What's u-b-i?" Helen asked.

Mary—"You be I! What a queer sentence. I can't translate that."

Margaret was bending over a Latin vocabulary, when she was interrupted by a sudden, "What's good for sore throat, Mag?"

"Vix salve," was her ready answer.

"What have you been doing that your face is so dirty?" Lena was asked at the conclusion of class at 11:30.

"Et jam," she responded.

Exchange Smiles

Mary Lee, age three years, who was visiting her grandmother in the country, said, "Oh Mamma, all the little bugs are smoking cigarets."

Frances, aged four, was visiting Mrs. Blake, a next-door neighbor.

Mrs. Blake brought out a beautiful doll and told Frances she had had the doll since she was a little girl.

Frances held the doll tight in her arms and said: "Well, don't you think you have had it long enough?"

Lewis was a bright little lad just going on five. At the bidding of his parents he had multiplied several simple numbers and had spelled a few easy words when auntie asked:

"Who made you, Lewis?"

"God made me," was the reply.

"Why did God make you?"

"Because no one else couldn't."

Ma—Pa, why do they call our gold coins eagles?

Pa—Because, dear when women get 'em, they just fly.

One day a teacher was having a first-grade class in physiology. She asked them if they knew that there was a burning fire in the body all of the time. One little girl spoke up and said:

"Yes'm, when it is a cold day I can see the smoke."

"What little boy can tell us the meaning of the expression, 'the quick and the dead?'" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically, and was told to proceed.

"Please, ma'am," he said, "the quick are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles, and the dead are the ones that don't."

"Now," said Freddy's mother, as she got him ready for a visit to his aunt, "be sure you are not late to breakfast, as you so often are at home. That won't do when you are visiting."

On her son's return his anxious mother inquired if he was ready in time for the family breakfast.

"Yes'm!" responded Freddy, triumphantly. "I was down every morning soon's any of 'em."

"I am so glad: hope you'll keep it up."

"You won't let me."

"Won't let you? Why not?"

"Well, you see, I just put my mighty on and slept in my clothes, so's to be nice and ready in the morning."

Natural history had been the subject of the day's lesson in school and the teacher asked:

"Now who can tell me what an oyster is?"

A small hand, gesticulating violently, shot up into the air and a shrill voice called out:

"I know—I can tell, teacher."

"Well, Bobby," said the teacher, "you may tell us what an oyster is."

"An oyster," triumphantly answered Bobby, "is a fish built like a nut."

"Can you tell me, Johnny," asked the fair young teacher, "where shingles were first used?"

"Yes'm," answered Johnny, "but I'd rather not, ma'am."

Abbey and Seminary

—With the "Wise Men from the East," who left their camels at the gate, the students returned from the holiday vacation on Jan. 6. A few were detained at home by illness, while several others have discontinued their studies.

—With the exception of a light snow that fell late in November and a little ice that covered the pond the week before Christmas, we have scarcely had any indication of winter. On January 14th we were visited by rain, with thunder and lightning.

—On the evening before their departure for the holidays, Dec. 21, the seminarians gave a brief original playlet in the hall to tune themselves up for vacation. Songs and instrumental music were interspersed.

—In the early morn of Dec. 22 horseless carriages and carriages with horses, laden with students bound for home, dodged about as they picked their way over muddy roads to the station. If our hopes and expectations are realized, by another Christmas we shall have an improved highway to the station.

—Quite a number of the professors of seminary and college were absent at Christmas assisting pastors in neighboring churches or looking after flocks on lonely missions that are seldom visited.

—Christmas dawned at the abbey with its usual charm. The "angels" did not forget to carol their sweetest shortly after the midnight hour. The joy of the feast, however, was not without a tinge of sadness owing to the fact that the Rt. Rev. Abbot, our beloved superior, could not be in our midst and celebrate Pontifical High Mass. Illness had compelled him to go to the hospital for treatment. We commend him to the pious prayers of our readers that his health may soon be completely restored.—Just before going to press we learn that the Rt. Rev. Abbot is improving under the physicians' care.

—Shortly before Christmas Bro. Maurus went to the hospital to place himself under the care of Dr. Abell, Louisville's renowned surgeon. With the assistance of Dr. Joseph Henry, College '05-'07, and Dr. Smith, Dr. Abell removed the gall bladder, gall duct, appendix, and adhesions from his patient. The operation was a success and Brother Maurus is back in our midst regaining strength.

—Rev. F. Hunkemoeller, who has been in this country since early last summer, lecturing on Anna Catharine Emmerich and gathering funds for carrying on the process of her beatification, spent Christmas at the abbey. On the afternoon of Dec. 27 we had the privilege of attending his illustrated lecture. In the few months that Father Hunkemoeller has been in the United States, he has learned to speak English remarkably well and free from foreign accent.

—Rev. Killian Schott, class of '86, pastor of St. Anthony's Church, Evansville, was a visitor at the abbey on Dec. 27 and 28.

—Mr. Frank Thuis, of Vincennes, came on Dec. 23 to spend a few days with his three sons who are in the community. Willard S. Hawley, a reporter on the *Vincennes Commercial* accompanied Mr. Thuis.

—Father Ildephonse, O. S. B., of Jasper College, was in our midst for a few days after Christmas.

—The rooms in the third story of the new seminary are ready for occupation and work has begun on those of the second story. The terrazo flooring of the corridor on the main floor was laid and given the finishing touches before the students returned. The floors of the

classrooms, like those of the private rooms, will be of hard wood.—In the construction of the building a great amount of concrete was required for the enormous beams, the five floors, and the roof. It is estimated that 47,000 cubic feet was used or enough to make a solid cylinder ten feet in diameter and 600 feet high.

—Aloysius Gerber, College '96-'97, died at his home in the neighboring town of Ferdinand on Dec. 31. Mr. Gerber left a wife and four children to mourn his loss.

—Mrs. Catherine Fischer, mother of our Father Aloysius, died after a sort illness at her home in Ferdinand on the morning of Jan. 13. Mrs. Fischer had the consolation of having her son with her when death took place. Father Aloysius is assistant at St. Patrick's Church, Indianapolis. We commend the soul of his mother to the prayers of our readers.

—The students made their annual *ex voto* pilgrimage on Jan. 13 to the chapel of Our Lady on Monte Cassino, where they attended a Solemn High Mass.

—Rt. Rev. John B. Tannrath, class of '88, has succeeded the recently consecrated Bishop Gilfillan as pastor of the new cathedral at St. Louis. Since 1915 Mgr. Tannrath had been pastor of the old cathedral.

—Upon the death of the Very Rev. James P. Cronin, Apostolic Administrator of the diocese of Louisville, the consultors of the diocese, acting under instructions from the Apostolic Delegation at Washington, elected as successor, Very Rev. George W. Schuhmann, pastor of St. John's Church, an alumnus of St. Meinrad College.

Book Notices

Benziger Brothers have published a delightful series of "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth," of which Mary E. Mannix is the author. There are twenty booklets, ten for boys and the same number for girls. The subject matter, with practical applications, is well adapted to the understanding of the young.—The booklets, in paper cover, sell for 10 cents each, or \$6.75 per 100 copies. They may also be had bound in two substantial volumes, one for boys, the other for girls, at \$1.00 each.

Another book that deserves special mention, published by the same firm, is "Lives of the Saints," with reflections for every day in the year. The book, which contains 390 pages, wire stitched with paper back, is compiled from "The Lives of the Saints" by the Rev. Alban Butler. The extremely low price at which it sells, 25 cents per copy, \$18.00 per 100 copies, places it within the reach of all. The printing is clear and legible throughout. "Lives of the Saints" should find a ready sale in the church book rack.

"The Cross and the Prayer—A Method of Saying the Lord's Prayer" is a folder designed to enable one to say the Our Father without distractions. The petitions of the Our Father, with a few brief reflections before each, accompanied by a full-page illustration of Our Lord on the Cross, is the method used to accomplish this end. The leaflet, bearing the *imprimatur* of the Rt. Rev. J. J. Cantwell, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, is published by the Harry Wilson Magazine Agency, 330 S. Vendome St., Los Angeles, Cal. Printed in two colors, the folder sells at \$1.00 for ten copies. A cheaper edition may be had in one color.

Obituary

J. Earle Thomson, Rutland, Vt., Frank Johnson, Belmont, Ia., Aloysius Gerber, Ferdinand, Ind., Mrs. Catherine Fischer, Ferdinand, Ind.

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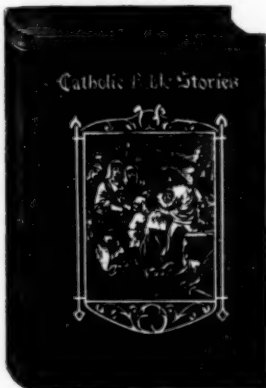
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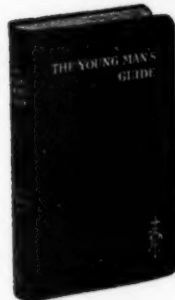


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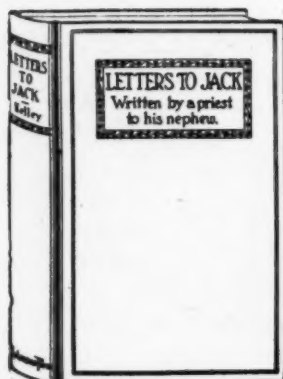


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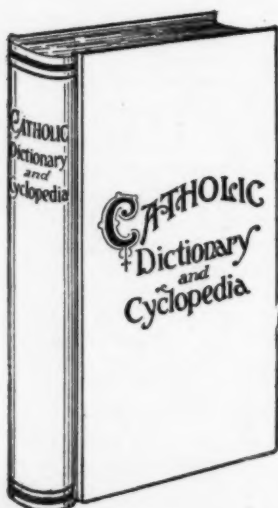
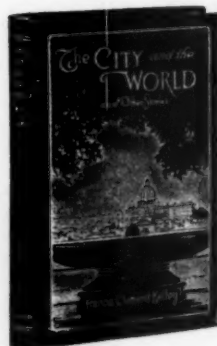
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